THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
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2 SEP 1940

September 14, 1940 | Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper. | Published in Every State | PRICE 3d

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LADY LATHAM will see a new Japan

CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME—Japan at its loveliest.

HAPPY, modern young Japanese girls, learning a traditional dance of old Japan.

JAPAN at war—the struggle with China drags on.

She recalls 'land of flowers and gracious women'

By our special representative in Melbourne

"I like to remember Japan as a land of lovely flowers," said Lady Latham, interviewed at Flete, her lovely old home in Flete Avenue, Malvern, after her husband's appointment as Australia's first Minister to Japan.

Since Lady Latham last saw Japan, the long-drawn-out war with China has dominated Japanese life. She wonders what changes she will find there.

"WE have the happiest memories of our visit to Japan in 1934 when my husband led the goodwill mission to the East. Everyone was very charming to us.

"We were received by the Emperor at a formal reception. Later emissaries brought us a beautiful gift—two exquisite cloisonne vases decorated with the Imperial plum blossom on a deep red background. They are now among our most treasured possessions.

"We were charmed by the women of Japan, so gracious, gentle, and cultured.

"Our daughter, Freda, was with us, and we naturally saw many modern young girls.

"They are so intelligent and lovely, and they apparently keep double wardrobes. Usually they wore smart European clothes, yet on special occasions they would appear in their own beautiful national dress, but with Western hair-dressing.

"The hair-dressing vogue was very charming while we were there, and set off the oval faces of the girls to perfection.

"We were a little late to see the cherry blossom in full glory, except in the hills near Chuzenji, above Nekko, the favorite summer resort for Tokio people.

"I remember a lovely lake, a waterfall and drifting cherry blossom.

"We arrived in late spring in what the Japanese call the season of the young green.

"There were wild azaleas and rhododendrons everywhere near Myanoshita, and on the hills. As we drove from Yokohama to Kamakura we saw thousands of little maple trees in young green."

LADY LATHAM, who saw Japan before the war with China and will soon see it again.

LADY LATHAM loves gardens and gardening. Her beautiful old white house with deep blue woodwork is surrounded by spacious verandahs fourteen feet wide.

The house itself is built round a spacious central hall in the form of a cross.

As you enter the front door you can see a stretch of lawn, cumquat trees, and graceful silver birches through the open door that leads to the back garden.

Outside that door is a stretch of crazy paving, with clumps of primroses, lachenalea, and other small spring blooms providing patches of color between the paving stones.

Almost every room has floor-length windows opening on to the garden.

"But our really lovely garden is at our cottage at Ferny Creek," explained Lady Latham. "There I grow flowers as they should be grown, great masses of blooms in corners among the natural ferns.

"Soon we will have masses of daffodils, primroses, and hyacinths there. Later will come foxgloves, rhododendrons, and Canterbury bells."

Flete is a homely place, with large rooms, thousands of books in tall bookcases, polished floors, and many thick rugs.

Tall, dark, and dignified, Lady Latham, who was Miss Ella Tobin, only daughter of Mr. Richard Tobin, of Northcote, Melbourne, like her husband is greatly interested in Melbourne University.

As the wife of the Chancellor she naturally takes an active part in all University activities.

She is particularly keen on helping dramatic work there, and is planning a fete in the garden of Flete to help the Women of the University War Appeal.

She is herself a graduate of Melbourne University, where she specialised in classics. Her eldest son, Dick, who studied law there, was Victorian Rhodes Scholar for 1931. He went on to Magdalen College, Oxford, and became a Fellow of All Souls.

He has been practising at the Bar in London, and lecturing and writing on legal subjects. Since the outbreak of war he has been in the Foreign Office. Now he is trying to join the R.A.F.

Her daughter, Freda, also an arts graduate at Melbourne University, has studied social science, is an almoner, and will take up a position at the Children's Hospital next month. She does not yet know whether she will accompany her parents to Japan again.

Peter, youngest of the family, is still at Geelong Grammar.

Sir John Latham will leave to take up his appointment very soon, and Lady Latham will follow him later.

Sir John is a tall, grave man, but his habitual reserve is relieved by the warmth of his smile.

One of the most brilliant students of Melbourne University, Sir John was called to the Bar in 1904, became known as an outstanding constitutional lawyer, and interrupted his career to perform special duties with the Intelligence Section of the R.A.N. in the war of 1914-18.

After the war, as King's Counsel, he became known as one of the ablest leaders of the High Court.

He entered politics in 1922, when he won Kooyong seat in the House of Representatives. Three years later he became Attorney-General.

Sir John became a Privy Councillor in 1933, retired from Parliament in 1934, and has been Chief Justice of the High Court since 1935.

Make this a page from your life

Born within every woman is the power to play the heroine in some love-story of her own. To the girl who would win such happiness, natural beauty is not so essential as the art of appearing fascinating and well cared for. And what helps more than a satin-soft skin! Even an ordinary complexion takes on a clear and lovely tone with Erasmic Face Powder—so fine and diaphanous is this heaven-sent aid to loveliness. And as you continue to use it, the fragrance of Erasmic will come to seem an inseparable part of you.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

SIR ARTHUR LONGMORE

Oldest certificate

AUSTRALIAN by birth, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, Air Officer Commander-in-Chief of the R.A.F. in the Middle East, has an easy manner which as much as his fine air record will win him popularity with Dominion troops in the Mediterranean zone.

He was one of the first four naval pilots, and holds the oldest pilot's certificate in the R.A.F.

MISS FRANCES BAKER

First doorwoman

"I WAS a little embarrassed at first, because people gathered to stare," said Miss Frances Baker, New York's first doorwoman, who has just taken up duty at a leading hat shop.

Miss Baker calls taxis for customers, salutes smartly as she opens car doors and escorts clients to the shop. Wears grey uniform, topped off by jaunty straw hat.

DR. MAX MASON

Revealing the universe

AUSTRALIANS would appreciate the relaxation of Dr. Max Mason, American scientist. "One thing I will always quit work for is a game of two-up," he says.

His work includes research in submarine detection and directing the construction, at Mt. Palomar, California, of a giant telescope which will show astronomers ten times more of the universe than they have ever seen before.

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DRAWN BLINDS

They loved the same woman—and they both knew the secret of the subtle poison. An intriguing mystery story

By DUDLEY HOYS

FERVENTLY, under the satiny calmness of her manner, Muriel Brooking thanked human nature for one blessing. Thoughts could be kept secret. Whenever she looked across at Bruce Deverson he guessed nothing.

Sometimes she wished she had no desire to look across at him. It would mean a much more comfortable existence.

She glanced up from the papers on her desk. "This United Timbers claim seems all right."

"Yes," he said, and the slight, polite smile in his eyes made her furious with herself. Why in the name of sanity couldn't she be what she was, a married woman, not an impressionable schoolgirl of sixteen?

He resumed his work, and the clock ticked quietly on the wall, and outside the office the voice of the city droned and clamored. She, too, tried to work, but her secret thoughts played on as delicious, tantalising music. Men, she imagined, seldom spent their wonderings in this fashion. They were more impersonal and objective, concerned with football, cricket, golf and the like. Herself——

That one word made her feel almost uneasy, as if a stranger shared her most intimate life. Covertly she considered her reflection in the mirror on the opposite wall. That was herself, the woman with fair hair brushed back obliquely from the temples and curving into short curls at the nape of her white neck. That was herself, the face with the shapely features, straight little nose, and clear, steady violet eyes. That was herself, with a young slim figure wearing a frock that had cost twelve guineas, an elegant simplicity of blue. It was no use being stupidly modest. That woman in the mirror had a competent, gracious poise. But her thoughts hadn't. With the intensity of sudden thirst she wanted to go over and stroke Bruce's sleek bent head. Imagine his amazement!

She thought: "I can't go on like this! I've got to do something. If only Harry had kept fit——"

A lightning switch of memory took her back to the days when she had been secretary to a big insurance broker. That was how she had met Harry. He was youngish, not bad looking, very kind, and ambitious. Their early married life had been a placid success. He made a lot of money. There was a touch of the ludicrous in the way a thing so ordinary and banal as rheumatism had interfered with their lives.

It had attacked him gradually. Every conceivable kind of treatment produced no improvement. The physical handicap became so difficult, he decided to take on young Bruce Deverson as a junior, salaried partner.

"After all, m'dear, I can still keep the strings in my own hands. But I must have somebody to represent me on the days I'm too crocked to go up." She could hear Harry saying it now, his voice slow, pleasant, not a bit self-pitying.

The next development seemed inevitable, and quite harmless at the time. After they were married Harry had often consulted her about his business. She had a flair for it, as he admitted. Why shouldn't she take his place? Let her go up daily. It wasn't wise to let Deverson get too much control.

"Awfully good of you to make the offer, m'dear, but you didn't marry me to earn my living for me."

"You made the business. Why shouldn't I keep it running until you're well enough to come back?"

In the end he had agreed. He was getting more crippled, older in body and mind. Poor old Harry! He looked a good fifty, puffy, with bags under his eyes. He simply couldn't be bothered to keep up to the meticulous standard of the earlier years.

Compassionately, she was delighted to be able to help him. Also, although she refused to admit it, there was relief in escaping from the invalid atmosphere to the youthful vitality of an office.

Again she caught herself glancing across at Bruce. His supple brown hands were on his desk. Against the sunshine coming through the window his lowered profile had a challenging, caressing, dynamic quality. She knew perfectly well that if he chose just to lay his hand over hers she would feel a breathless delight.

He wouldn't choose. That, she regretted, was something to be thankful for. He didn't begin to dream of the truth. Nor did Harry. They must never be given cause.

She got up. "I'm going out to lunch."

Bruce nodded. His dark grey eyes produced on her an effect of mystery, and she scoffed at herself. Mystery? Rubbish. It was all due to this absurd, romantic mania of hers.

"Oh, by the way," she said, "Harry would be very glad if you'd come down and have dinner with us to-morrow night. Can you manage it?"

"Thanks very much. Love to."

"Say sevenish, and it will be quite informal. We shan't dress. There's a decent train at 6.11. We'll meet you with the car at the station."

"Nice of you," he said, and smiled. "How is he?"

"Much as usual."

He nodded sympathetically. "Frightful bad luck on him. I think he's been wonderful."

They all said that. It was right, of course. But hadn't she been wonderful, too? Let them try living with an invalid for years, putting up with the endless tiny irritations, the peevish impatiences, the subnormal, wearing exactions of the crock. After all, she felt and looked in her early twenties. Harry felt and looked old enough to be her father. It was no light sacrifice to endure a situation like that for the rest of her life.

She found herseelf longing for Bruce to say he was sorry for her. But he said nothing, just sitting there with a quiet, friendly, thoughtful expression. If he had leapt up and taken her in his arms she would have counted it heady rapture. But she would have thought less of him. It was his polite aloofness, she acknowledged, which added to his fascination.

She walked out suddenly.

When the door had closed he looked back over his shoulder, and there was a complete change in his manner. He grinned, and whistled softly, and his brows rose high.

"She's lovely," he told the blotting-pad. "She's not cheap. That's been the snag." His pen drew meaningless scrawls on the pad. "Creaking gates hang long, and rheumatism doesn't kill. Thing is, to grab an opportunity."

He nodded, and his eyes assumed a narrowed, distant pondering. Curious how instinct guided those who were willing to listen to it. Now that he reconsidered that lunch with Thomsett last month, he realised how instinct must have been at work.

Thomsett, their agent in Brazil, had come over for a holiday, and Harry Brooking had conquered his rheumatism sufficiently to join them at lunch in town one day. The three men talked a deal of shop, and then Thomsett expressed his anxiety over certain claims he had been handling lately.

"One of 'em," he said, "I'll swear was an ugly business. I know the doctor's certificate was in order, but I'll swear the woman was poisoned."

"What!" This in unison from his listeners.

"You can stare. Don't forget Brazil's a vast place, and rummy things go on there. Insurance murders have been done before."

Please turn to Page 34

Illustrated by WEP

Bruce eyed Muriel covertly. Her wistful anxiety was obvious.

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THE DARK FRAULEIN

Fraulein Langen

Another perilous adventure in the career of Captain Raeburn—hero of this series of vivid war stories.

By Augustus Muir

Captain Raeburn

Illustrated by FISCHER

A DEATHLY silence pervaded the little town of Krenzenbach. Because it lay behind a group of strong points on the Siegfried Line it had been evacuated. Its houses were shuttered, its thoroughfares deserted. But along one of its side streets a man was moving rapidly.

When moonlight broke through a ragged fissure in the clouds and glittered upon damp cobblestones, he drew closer into the shadow of the wall. Under an archway he paused to check his route; a flashlamp played upon the folded section of a map.

At the next turning on his left he crossed a paved yard, went down five steps to a basement door, and tapped gently. A pinhead of light winked for a moment in the keyhole. The door was drawn open, and a hand groped forward.

It was a girl's soft, firm fingers that met his, and he was guided down the passage into a low-ceilinged room. A candle burned on the table beside a small square parcel wrapped in paper. The only other furniture was a kitchen chair. The window had been boarded up.

"You're late, Nick," said Venetia Osmond. "Agents of the Deuxieme Bureau are supposed to have patience, but I've been waiting three hours."

Captain Nicol Raeburn chuckled. "It was as quiet as a rabbit-warren in this sector of the Siegfried Line, but I had to lie doggo in a wood. A darn patrol kept nosing round. Sorry to hold you up."

She was staring at his uniform.

"Unteroffizier on leave from a Bavarian regiment," he said, lighting a cigarette as he looked at her critically. Even her dull clothes could not detract from her beauty: from the red-gold of her hair or the piquancy of her pointed chin. But her violet-blue eyes were troubled. "Anything wrong?" he demanded.

"Not exactly. I've got a favor to ask, Nick. It has nothing to do with our job here—it's personal. Tell me, when do you go back into France?"

"Friday night—same route across the lines. The Chief will be waiting for me on the other side. I'm on a man-hund, meine Liebste, and it's going to be ticklish."

"Who's the man?" she asked.

"I wish to heaven I knew! There's been a slip-up. The German counter espionage people have caught us napping—almost."

"How?" The girl swung herself upon the table, and Raeburn leant back against the door, the cigarette between his lips.

"The fact is, two or three of our agents over here are working in blissful ignorance that Berlin knows all about them."

Her lips opened wide. "You're certain?"

"Positive. They're being pumped full of faked information. It isn't the usual errors; we can check up on these. This stuff is so near the truth that it must have an official origin. But there's a twist to it that makes it worthless. Follow?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "Does this include the stuff I've been sending?"

"No. It's been okay—so far. But some of our people are skating on thin ice. Berlin is deliberately supplying information to them — or their contacts. I'm here to do some rapid probing, and several of our people must be warned to move. I've got just two days for the job. You're to take me on as far as Dornfeld, I believe."

"Yes; I'm living there—in a grubby little hotel. You can get a late train to-night; we've got lots of time—we'll be in Dornfeld in an hour." She hesitated. "About the favor I want to ask . . ."

"Go on," he said cheerfully.

"It's a woman, Nick. I want you to help her. She has been living in Germany under her maiden name—Fraulein Langen. Her husband's dead. He was a Frenchman, the Comte de Luderac. She's simply desperate to get across into France."

"Why?" Raeburn jerked out. "She's a German, you say?"

"It's to see her son. The boy is an officer in the French Air Force, and he's had a crash. She heard of it through a friend in Switzerland."

Raeburn pursed his lips. "To get out of Germany—does this woman realise what she's up against?"

"She'll risk anything, Nick—anything to be beside her son. I told her there was a chance. I thought she might go back—with you."

"Through the lines?" Raeburn shook his head; and Venetia Osmond went over to him. Her fingers closed over his wrist.

"You once helped me, Nick; I'll never forget it. Won't you help Fraulein Langen?"

She waited anxiously for his reply.

"I can't promise," he said abruptly. "With this special mission, I'd be a fool to take any chances in getting back."

"Nick, for my sake—can't you take her on Friday night? If only you'd see her yourself—listen to her—you wouldn't refuse!"

"I know. Her pathetic appeal—mother-love and a dying son." Raeburn gave a wry smile. "I'll take your word for the pathos, my dear. But there's a war on. I'm sorry."

The girl went back and leaned against the table. He could detect a challenge in her eyes.

"There's something I haven't told you, Nick. Fraul in Langen may know something that's of use to the Chief. She had a secretarial job in Oberstleutnant Hirsch's office."

"Hirsch!" Raeburn's shoulders went back with a jerk.

"She wasn't on the confidential staff," Venetia added, "but every trivial detail might help them at the Bureau headquarters."

"Where is Fraulein Langen now?"

"She was in the little hotel in Dornfeld where I'm staying. That's how I met her. But she heard the Gestapo were making inquiries about her, so she cleared out. She's hiding here in Kranzenbach."

"Good heavens!" He checked a whistle of surprise. "How does she get food in this empty place?"

"I'm taking her some to-night. It's only five minutes from here. Will you come?"

"So she had a job under Hirsch . . ." he murmured, then looked up. "I suppose you know Hirsch is one of the counter-espionage chiefs here in Southern Germany?"

Venetia Osmond smiled. "I thought you'd be interested."

IT was densely dark out of doors, for clouds had again blown across the moon. Raeburn followed the girl through a long alley. They were nearing the mouth of it when they heard a military patrol coming down the street, and they drew back into an archway. In the distance they caught the rumble of a lorry passing through the town: then came a silence that seemed to beat impalpably like soft wings in the upper air. Crossing the street, the girl went down a lane to the back of a tall shuttered house, and touched a bell.

"This belongs," she said, "to a friend of Fraulein Langen's. I haven't seen her since she came—that was two nights ago."

"You didn't tell her who you are?" asked Raeburn suddenly.

"No. She needn't know your business either."

"Better not. You can call me Richer—it's the name on my identity papers."

The door was suddenly opened.

"Fraulein Osmond! Every hour I have been waiting for you." The voice that spoke in German was soft, with a deep timbre. "This way, my child."

They were led into a small room. A blanket had been fastened across the window, and a shaded oil-lamp stood on the table. Raeburn saw that Fraulein Langen was younger than he had expected. She could not have been more than forty-five, with a pale skin and dark, expressive eyes. Smooth white hands closed

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ACROSS THE FRONTIER, No. 3

Suddenly came a crisp order in German. Armed soldiers blocked their way.

eagerly round the little parcel of food that Venetia Osmond placed in them.

"You are kind, my little one." The dark eyes turned to Raeburn. "Oh, she has been my good angel."

The woman told how she had lived here during the last two days and nights. In the cellar she had found enough kerosene for heat and lighting; her only food was what she had brought with her. She had not ventured out, for there was a military headquarters in a deserted hotel in the market-square. She spoke with a quiet and sombre dignity. "You said there was someone who might help me to get into France, Fraulein. Is this the gentleman?" Her eyes went appealingly to Raeburn.

"Yes. Herr Richer is going through the lines on Friday night."

"At least I'm hoping to, Comtesse," said Raeburn with a laugh.

"Please!" She shook her head. "I am simply Fraulein Langen here. If it had been known that my son was in the French Air Force, I should not have had my freedom for so long."

"Nor been employed in the office of Oberstleutnant Hirsch!" added Raeburn with a nod. "The Fraulein has just been telling me. You weren't on the confidential staff?"

"Oh, no; it was only routine work they gave me. But I was glad of it—so glad. The pay was poor, but it enabled me to live. I was discharged without a warning—they must have thought I'd been indiscreet. An indiscretion is never pardoned in this country."

Raeburn cleared his throat. "You don't mind taking a risk to get to your son?"

She raised her hand, and it fell again to her side.

"What do risks matter? My boy may be dying. He was shot down—he's in a hospital near Paris."

WOULD her nerves stand the journey through the lines? That was what had troubled Raeburn, but now he was satisfied. "If I can," he said slowly, "I'll call for you here on Friday evening. I mustn't promise, but I'll do my best."

"I shall count the hours, Herr Richer," she said, and turned her face away. At the outer door she put her arms around Venetia Osmond. "My dear, I can't thank you . . . ."

Raeburn did not speak while they were getting clear of the deserted town. Near a main road they halted until a long column of lorries had passed with dimmed headlamps; then they crossed to a footpath that led round the shoulder of a wooded hill.

"Well, I call that a stroke of luck," he said at last. "I mean her job in Hirsch's office. You see, we're interested in Hirsch at the moment. I've told you faked information is being given to two or three of our agents here. The fact is, somebody with a darn clever brain is behind it, and we believe he's working under Hirsch's direction. The man is known as X37, and he's a quick mover. In Central Germany one day, here in the south the next. A month ago he was in Paris."

"In Paris!"

"Yes, feeding us with dope, both sides of the lines. I'm here to find out something more about him. We know a little already. From a room he visited in Paris, for example, we found he smokes Cuban cigarettes. Trivial things like that—too slight to be of much value. But with luck we'll be ready for X37 next time he puts a foot on French soil . . . By the way, who are your own contacts?"

"I can trust them both," she said decisively. "I'm seeing them tonight. One is a poor consumptive boy—discharged from the German army. The other, Herr Walstan, travels a lot; I get most of my stuff through him. You can take it, Nick, he's reliable."

"Is anyone reliable?" Raeburn muttered. The path ended near a village on the fringe of the inhabited zone, and they caught the last omnibus into Dornfeld.

"You'll find the railway station at the other end of this street, Nick," she said. "Your train leaves in about an hour. I've promised to see Walstan now—we're to meet at Griese's lodgings."

Raeburn thought quickly. "Can I come with you? I'd like to pass a word of warning to these men."

Ten minutes later they were outside a door at the top of a high tenement. "Better tell them frankly who I am," Raeburn suggested.

A pair of burning black eyes, deep-set under a pallid brow, was his first impression of the young man called Griese.

"Never mind Herr Richer's uniform," said Venetia. "It isn't his own. He came through the lines to-night."

"Ah!" Griese's thin white lips were restless. "Can I offer you some food, Herr Richer?"

"No, thanks. I can't stop for many minutes. Tell me, Griese, how often do you see Fraulein Osmond as a rule?"

"About every five days."

"And in the interval you travel about a good deal?"

"One must verify one's information," said Griese quickly.

Raeburn nodded. "I suppose you're quite satisfied with your pay?"

"My pay?" The young man flushed. "Do you think I work for money! Fraulein Osmond pays me enough to live on—that's all I ask. I work against the leaders of Germany because I have suffered. Listen to me, Herr Richer. The rulers of this country . . ." He drew himself up, his eyes on the door. "That will be Walstan—he's late."

Raeburn revised his first impression. Griese had the outward aspect of a fanatic, but there was hard steel at the core of the man, and he might be older than he looked. In the depths of those eyes there was a cold gleam of shrewdness: Raeburn had caught it during a split-second while the thin face was in repose.

"My regrets, Fraulein—I was delayed."

The man who stepped forward and held Venetia Osmond's hand was completely at his ease. He was powerfully built, with thinning fair hair and a close-trimmed beard. The girl murmured a few words of introduction, and he bowed to Raeburn.

Please turn to Page 10

Venetia Osmond

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DOES ANYTHING MATTER?

A complete short story

Lucia had seen her husband and Daphne holding hands as they sat looking into the fire.

"MUST you go, Lucia?"

"Yes. I think I had better be getting back; Gerald ought to be home soon, and I can't remember what we arranged to do this evening."

Lucia Carstairs drew her silver foxes round her shoulders and rose to her feet.

"Lucky Lucia, to have a husband to come home at all these days," her hostess said as she kissed her.

Lucia, hurrying down the stairs, felt that there had not only been envy in her voice, but a tinge of something else. "What was it?" she asked herself—then frankly admitted that it might have been contempt.

All through the cocktail party, at which there had been a superabundance of women, she had been conscious that she had felt out of it. They had talked of their husbands, their sons and sweethearts, every single one of whom appeared to be either serving in the Army, Navy, or Air Force, or engaged in some work of national importance.

Only Lucia seemed to be unaffected by the war, to have not only her husband, secure and by her side, but also her income undiminished, either by employment or the new Budget.

"Is that my fault?" she asked herself now with a resentment which she knew was unreasonable, but which she could not prevent. "Surely no one wishes to suffer privations, and if one has to it is certainly petty to want one's friends to be in the same boat!"

Nevertheless she had to face it: the afternoon had not been enjoyable. Generally Dolly Marston's cocktail parties were amusing, gay entertainments which she hated to miss. Dolly herself had seemed under the weather this afternoon—not surprising, perhaps, considering it was a week since her husband left with his regiment and she had not yet heard from him.

"I NEVER realised that the Marstons were such a devoted couple," Lucia had thought to herself more than once during the afternoon.

Dolly had talked of little else save her husband and the very doubtful possibility of his getting leave. "I wonder," Lucia added to herself now, "if I should mind Gerald going on active service?"

It was difficult to know, difficult to formulate her own feelings for Gerald these past weeks. She had known almost as soon as he had himself the moment he became infatuated with pretty blonde little Daphne Winter.

Lucia had seen Gerald holding her hand as they sat before the fire when Daphne dropping in unexpectedly had lingered late into the afternoon. Daphne was so very much Gerald's type—small, clinging, and in her facial appearance not unlike what Lucia had been herself nearly ten years ago. She was bright and gay, too, full of modern sophisticated witticisms and ready to fling herself with youthful enthusiasm into any scheme of enjoyment.

It was strange how reluctant Gerald was to come home these days. Always in the past it had been Lucia who had wanted to linger on at a party, who had hated to say good-bye. Now the boot was very much on the other leg.

At times it seemed to her as though Gerald was afraid to be alone with her, or had taken such a dislike to his home that he must spend as little time in it as possible.

Yet how lovely their house was. Lucia had been quite firm about refusing to leave it—to evacuate herself, like hundreds of her other friends had done, to some dreary part of the country.

Every room had been planned with exquisite care; every penny of their first year's income from Silas Blunham had been spent on it.

The mere thought of Silas made her remember one of Dolly's questions.

"Have you been terribly hit by the war, Lucia darling?" she had asked. "We are starving, of course. I am shutting up this flat as soon as I can find a tiny cottage in the country to take the furniture."

Lucia had shaken her head, conscious as she did so that her diamond and emerald earrings glittered in the soft lamplight.

"No," she answered. "Silas Blunham says that Gerald is completely indispensable to him as his European adviser. War or no war, he wants to get the inside dope on the Stock Exchange and the Bourse!"

"Aren't you lucky?"

She was conscious of the chorus of women repeating the same remark they had already made to her several times before. Once again she knew that there was some discordant note in their envy.

Gerald was lucky; there was no getting away from that. It had been marvellously fortunate for him getting in with Silas Blunham just as that American financier was wanting what he called "a right-hand man in Europe." The retaining fee that he had offered Gerald to work for him and him alone had exceeded the utmost bounds of their expectations or hopes.

During the first week of war Lucia had lain awake at night wondering what would happen to them if Silas backed out of his agreement. It would be hard after three years of wealth and luxury to go back to those days of anxiety, when they had never known where their next penny would come from; to go back to the times when they had often been reduced to a bed-sitting-room or to a dingy lodging-house from which they had to go out for every meal, regardless of the weather or of how tired they might be.

No wonder, she thought to herself, that she loved her new home, the big windows overlooking the quiet square, the glass-walled bathroom opening out of her big peach-tinted bedroom, the soft pile carpets, which had cost more than they had spent in previous years on living, dressing, and eating.

But Silas' letter had dispersed her anxiety. When it came she had flung her arms round Gerald's neck and kissed him with an affection and warmth which she had not shown for many months.

"Darling, I am so relieved," she said.

He had not been very responsive. But that was nothing new for Gerald these days. Often she had the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps they had been happier in the past. She remembered the evenings when, with a shilling or two between them, they had had to cook a supper of sausages and eggs over the gas-ring in their lodgings, terrified that their landlady would come upstairs and catch them.

They were not very skilful, but still they had been amazingly happy.

It was extraordinary, too, Lucia thought, what fun they had had making old clothes look smart enough to deceive even their dearest friends; going without lunch when they knew they were going to have a dinner at somebody else's expense; walking to save a penny bus fare and often being so tired and exhausted

By BARBARA CARTLAND

at night that they would fall asleep in each other's arms without grumbling and without complaining over the disappointments of the day.

The tiniest stroke of good fortune then was enough to make them wild with delight—to throw them into an hysteria of excitement. She remembered the first time that Gerald made a commission of five pounds after the Stock Exchange had been quiet for weeks and they had wondered how in the world they were going to pay the bill at their lodgings.

He had come running home to her, a bunch of pink roses in one hand, two reserved seats for a film they had both been dying to see in the other. He had come into the room where she had been sitting waiting for him, and lifted her literally off her feet.

"Darling," he said, kissing her passionately and with an eagerness that never ceased to surprise and thrill her. "I love you, just remember that always, my Lucia. I love you."

"What has happened?" she had asked when she could speak.

"Which do you love best?" he asked, absurdly possessive—still holding her close in his arms. "Me or my money?"

She had laughed, the gay, careless laughter which had come so easily to her lips in those far-off days.

"It's not much use loving your money, darling," she had answered. "So I am afraid I shall have to put up with you."

How gay and mad it had all been. They had paid their rent and had faced the next day with only a few remaining shillings in their pockets, but somehow the future had seemed so unimportant. They had both of them had perfect faith and confidence in their superiority to fate. They had been absolutely sure that sooner or later their luck would turn.

And it had turned in time. Gradually, so gradually that they had hardly dared to breathe in case it should be illusionary, Gerald had begun to be spoken of as "a clever young man"; had got one small commission after another; had built up a reputation for himself. Things had improved until the bed-sitting-room gave way to a tiny flat, the tiny flat to a house in Kensington, and later to a large and magnificent suite of rooms in an hotel. They had begun to save by that time—to save for the home which would one day be theirs. Then Silas Blunham had altered everything and all their dreams came true.

All their material dreams, at any rate; for in all honesty, Lucia admitted to herself now that something else had been lost in the process. Something young, something radiant and gay, was missing from the moment they crossed the threshold of their new house, from the moment they were surrounded by the luxurious attentions of well-trained silent servants.

"What was it?" she asked herself. Could it be the spirit of adventure? Was it possible that Gerald had begun to tire of her?

From her point of view there could never be anyone else. Even now when he returned in the evenings, the sight of him, tall, good-looking, broad-shouldered, coming in to the room, never ceased to thrill her—to give her a sense of happiness and security.

But nowadays with the butler waiting to take his hat and coat she could no longer rush down the stairs with wide open arms, or raise her face for his kisses as she had always done in the past. Usually, too, there were people there. Men dropped in about half-past six, knowing that they would both of them be at home; most of them, as Lucia knew, only too anxious for a word with Gerald, ready to make him talk shop under any pretext if it meant that through a chance word they might make or save money. They were seldom alone and lately Daphne Winter had been with them more times than she could count.

Yet he still admired Lucia; of that she was certain. Only the other night he had come into her bedroom when she had been sitting before the mirror pinning a diamond star into her dark hair. Her bare arms were raised and the soft rose-pink folds of her dressing-gown fell away from her elbows. He had stood looking at her for a long moment, then he had said:

"You are very lovely, Lucia."

"Are you quite certain you can still think so?" she had asked, speaking lightly but with an underlying meaning in her words. She had known then that he was going to speak, was going to tell her something of importance. Even as he opened his lips, there came a discreet knock on the door and her maid entered. The moment was passed; Gerald had gone to his own room and Lucia had let herself be helped into her white satin evening dress.

Please turn to Page 16

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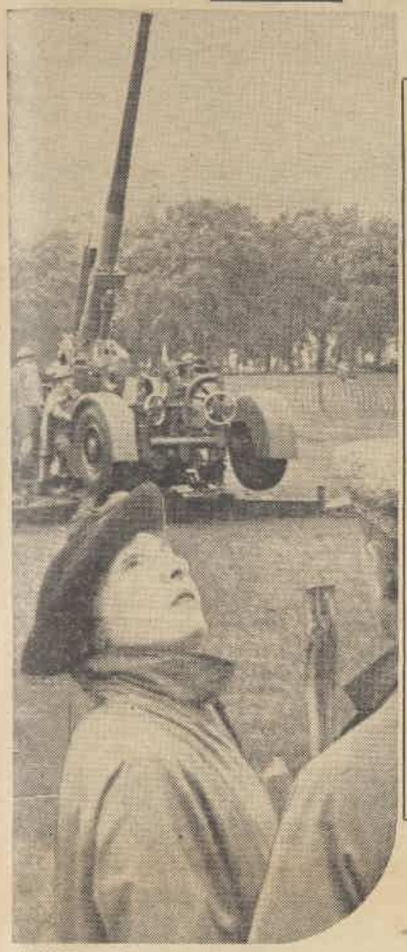
"TRY OUR RAID SHELTERS!"

London shops compete



"WHAT, AGAIN?" Londoners look up as sirens sound and anti-aircraft guns roar into action.

LOW'S cartoon on the housewife's sacrifice of kitchen aluminium for the aviation industry.

R.A.F. OFFICERS rush to their planes to answer the challenge of Nazi raiders.

I sample the rival hide-outs to find knitting teachers, tea, and writing tables underground

By beam wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England.

We London women are now connoisseurs of air-raid shelters. We can compare their rival charms as if they were tea-shops or beauty parlors.

Some of the cosy spots provided by the big West End stores have a real tea-shop atmosphere. At the moment they're hot favorites, but somebody's bound to go one better yet.

ONE Oxford Street store has large underground shelters fitted with armchairs, lounges, and gramophone. They sell tea, milk, and soft drinks, biscuits, sandwiches, and chocolates.

Best of all, they've a man posted on the roof who gives through a loud-speaker a running commentary.

"There's nothing to be seen yet."

Presently: "I can now see puffs of smoke from anti-aircraft shells. They're apparently putting up a barrage somewhere eastward."

Then: "A squadron of our fighters just coming over from the west. They are flying very high."

By this means shoppers safely below ground can get an idea of what's going on above. This service overcomes one of the worst features of the shelters—not knowing what's going on overhead.

Writing-tables

ANOTHER big store has installed a radio in its commodious underground shelters which are well appointed, with rest and wash rooms.

It has a bookstall with magazines and papers, short stories mostly, and detective tales. There are also writing-tables.

One suburban store has instructors in knitting, sewing, and embroidery to help while away raid hours.

All have trained nurses and first-aid workers.

Almost without exception there's been no call on their services, but an occasional fainting is quickly treated with smelling salts or restoratives.

Many of the big offices, both private and governmental, have alternative office equipment in their shelters, and when sirens wail clients and callers go down with the staff and carry on business.

I was in the London headquarters of the Children's Overseas Reception Board when the sirens sounded one day. I went down to the shelter with Lady Cheetham, M.B.E., who, with Thelma Cazalet, M.P., is voluntary worker in charge of the Information Bureau.

A queue of mothers and children came down with us, and Lady Cheetham went on explaining conditions of overseas evacuation and the country where youngsters would be going.

Goebbels boasts that the people of England are cowering in shelters, terrified of the German air arm—but the truth is entirely the reverse.

No one takes the air raids lightly or minimises the grim seriousness of the aerial attack. But the genius of the British people for calmness and good humor in any conceivable circumstances would have given Herr Doktor a shock if he could have been with me in the recent attack on a port not far from London.

This port is now literally the front line of Britain's defences.

I was sitting on a park seat in the sun watching the anti-aircraft crews building a rack for their tin helmets and gas-masks.

Their job finished, they stood off to admire their rough carpentry as from each peg hung a gas-mask and helmet.

Suddenly as if one, each man put on his helmet and mask. Within a split second every soldier was at his post behind enormous anti-aircraft guns and smaller Lewis guns.

Though no sirens sounded, almost in the same second the park cleared.

Two fashionably-dressed women who wore slacks and suntops went up to some children who were playing in a sandpit and took them towards the trench shelter.

Road-menders ceased operations with their rock-drills.

An aged gardener brushed the earth from his overalls as he walked from his flower-beds towards the trenches.

They are self-trained to be ever on the alert.

Then the sirens began.

Out from buses pulled into the kerb streamed the people, their morning shopping in baskets held in their arms.

In single file they went down the trenches to the shelters with perfect calm.

Battle above

THE perambulators were lifted in, with the tiny occupants still having their morning sleep.

Inside the shelter people sat on enormous long forms.

Huge baby gas-cradles were put under the seats, as there was little room to spare. Dogs curled up in the corners and went to sleep.

No one spoke for the first few minutes, then I popped my head out of the entrance.

Almost at the same minute there was an ear-splitting whistle, and the Germans' first missile found its rest in the depth of the seas.

I drew back as shrapnel from our own guns came back to earth, and took my place between an overalled painter with his brush still smelling of turpentine in his hand and a woman knitting a child's frock.

Suddenly the air just outside our shelter was split with incredibly rapid reverberations—our friends who had so recently been admiring their carpentry were now transformed into men of action bent on bringing down the marauder.

Another sound now became audible above the drone of the Germans' heavy engines—the waspish buzz of the fighter planes.

Meanwhile the housewives went through their baskets and ticked off their morning's purchases from their long lists.

The children were chumming up, and a couple had a quarrel over a model of a Spitfire plane.

Continued on Page 8

USE THIS 2-PURPOSE Soap

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Because Cuticura is a MEDICINAL *and* TOILET Soap, it does two essential things to your skin. It maintains radiant skin health in spite of frequent exposure to the weather; and it gives harsh, flaky, blemished skin the clear, fresh beauty of youth. In Cuticura Soap the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura are combined with the most exquisitely refining and beautifying ingredients ever devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. To relieve sore, rough skin, also to heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. After the bath enjoy the cooling, refreshing fragrance of superfine Cuticura Talcum.

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Air force nurses strike out for glamor

SILK STOCKINGS—Permitted to Air Force nurses but not to A.I.F. nurses.

UNIFORM of Princess Mary's R.A.F. nursing service. The new R.A.A.F. uniform is on similar lines.

MATRON-IN-CHIEF of the R.A.A.F. Nursing Service, Miss Margaret Lang. She thinks silk stockings suitable for nurses.

They gain privilege of silk stockings while their sister service wears cotton

While the Diggers are having their fight over the quality of Army boots, the nursing services have been provoked by discriminating regulations about the wearing of stockings.

The whole matter may now be officially reviewed to avoid the discrimination that exists.

AIR FORCE nurses are permitted to wear silk stockings on duty, but A.I.F. nurses must stick to the regulation cotton hose.

This restriction proved irksome to nurses in the Great War, but then there were no Air Force nurses to provide discrimination.

Now the R.A.A.F. nurses have come into the picture and have created a dividing line that is sure to provoke heart-burnings.

Wear as well

MISS MARGARET LANG, the newly-appointed matron-in-chief of the R.A.A.F. Nursing Service, believes that silk stockings are quite permissible, so the girls chosen for the service will include them in their luggage.

"There is no earthly reason why the nurses should not wear silk stockings.

"As long as they are not sheer silk they wear quite as well, are no more expensive, and look just that little bit better than cotton stockings," said the matron-in-chief to The Australian Women's Weekly.

No silk stockings ever before have graced the legs of busy nurses on active service, though in this war regulations have been relaxed to allow the A.I.F. nurses to wear grey silk stockings in the evenings when they are off duty.

"If it's a case of giving the girls a chance to be a bit glamorous," said one young nurse who hopes to join the A.I.F. later, "I think that they will appreciate the chance to wear silk stockings when off duty far more than being able to wear them all the time."

"In the last war we never had silk stockings," said the matron of a large city hospital.

"We were much too busy, and, anyway, silk stockings were only worn by very wealthy people.

"For this war I think lisle stockings are the most serviceable, and I am sure that all the girls who have gone away with the A.I.F. were quite satisfied to wear cotton and not silk stockings when on duty."

Matron of the Crown Street Hospital, Sydney, said that the youngest of the three fighting services had given a lead to the others.

"I do not see why the girls shouldn't wear silk stockings," she said.

"If they are working in Palestine or some hot climate silk is so much more comfortable.

"Cotton or cashmere stockings sometimes irritate the skin, so anything that can be done to keep the nurses cool and comfortable is a step in the right direction."

The matron of one of Sydney's best-known private hospitals said that she thought that silk stockings would add to the appearance of the nurses on active service.

"Good service-weight silk stockings should last as long as cotton, and I think very few nurses would not appreciate the chance to wear them."

"All the nurses here are allowed to wear silk stockings if they wish," said the matron of St. Margaret's Hospital, Darlinghurst.

"Black stockings are so ugly, and I do not see why girls should not look as attractive as possible."

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W640

London shops compete for air-raid patrons

Continued from Page 7

SEVERAL elegantly-dressed women remained just as elegantly aloof, while another caressed a little dog.

Soon conversation slackened, as after an hour the air in the shelter was getting heavier and we yawned.

The last fifteen minutes seemed like hours.

Then faintly, after a long time, from the noise of action came the most welcome sound of all—the "All clear."

Five minutes later the peaceful morning scene had been resumed.

Two women gardeners in the front-line areas, who are digging for victory, have a new problem.

Daily air battles and anti-aircraft fire have started the birds on their own evacuation scheme.

Thousands have flown to quieter areas; even the devil-may-care sparrows have gone.

As a result, there's one of the worst plagues of caterpillars for years, and now these women can be seen counter-attacking to save their vegetables from this invader, often while Nazis and the R.A.F. do battle overhead.

Theatres are unable to keep up all-night shows, so there's been a turnover in theatre hours, matinees being continued each afternoon, with evening performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Attendances at the cinema, particularly in the West End, have fallen off at night and skyrocketed in the afternoons, due to the difficulty of getting home after dark in the event of raids.

The Prime Minister's daughter, Sarah, is one of those who are playing six matinees and two evenings. She's one of the "half-way" couple in a revival of "Outward Bound," which is having a great success in the West End. The play had its first night to the sound of sirens off-stage.

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WOMEN in WHITE

Margaret is torn between conflicting loyalties as our serial rises to a climax of dramatic tension.

Illustrated by John Santry

Edna Deane was staring at Margaret, her white face filled with incredulity and alarm.

By FRANKEN MELONEY

THE STORY SO FAR:

DR. MARGARET FERRIS, brilliant and beautiful young surgeon, has suffered bitter setbacks in a brave struggle for recognition. The famous surgeon, DR. HAUSSMANN, recommended her for a surgical appointment at a big hospital, but the Board, at the instigation of DR. WILLIAM KIRKLAND, refused to appoint a woman, and instead gave the position to DR. BATES.

Shortly afterwards, when Dr. Bates operated on one of Margaret's patients and the child died during the operation, Margaret declared that his death was due to Dr. Bates' lack of skill, and for this she was forced to resign from the hospital. She struggles then to build up her suburban practice, urged on by her faithful housekeeper, CELIA, while JOHN BRUCE, an admirer, begs her to solve the whole question by marrying him.

Meanwhile, Margaret and Dr. Kirkland find themselves more and more attracted to one another, while their work has contributed to draw them together. Suspecting that PHILIP DEANE was seriously ill, Margaret persuaded him to consult Kirkland, who was subsequently amazed by the brilliance and accuracy of her diagnosis. At the same time, CATHERINE MERRILL, lovely young heiress, was badly burnt rescuing a woman from a blazing car, and was admitted to the hospital. She is in love with Dr. Kirkland, and suspecting that he loves Dr. Ferris she makes an appointment to go and see her some weeks after she has left the hospital.

Philip Deane, in these weeks, has refused to follow Dr. Kirkland's advice and submit to an operation. He has also concealed the full truth from his wife, and when Mrs. Deane chances to meet Margaret shopping she reproaches her for the unnecessary anxiety she had caused.

Now read on.

"WHAT unnecessary anxiety?" asked Margaret quietly.

Mrs. Deane hesitated. Margaret could see her trying to battle back the accusations that crowded to her lips. "Oh, what's the sense raking up grievances," she protested, a little desperately.

"All the sense in the world," said Margaret. "I think we'll both be happier if we clear the air." She put her hand on Edna's arm. "Let's step outside a moment," she suggested.

In a moment they were moving slowly up the street, with Edna unmindful of her neglected shopping, and young Jeff running ahead, lured by the magic of an ice waggon.

"What you mean to say," Margaret took up levelly, "and what you find difficult to say, is that your husband wasn't a patient of mine, and yet I presumed without examination to suggest that he was ill."

"It wasn't only that, but you sent him to a friend of yours, who would have had him on the operating table by this time if Phil had been the sort to lose his head."

"Did he mention this friend to whom I'd sent him?"

"No. He just told me it was someone I'd never heard of."

"And he didn't tell you what the diagnosis was?"

"Yes. That is, not exactly. He just said he'd got into the hands of —"

"Go on," Margaret encouraged with a faint smile. "I'm not easily offended."

"Well, anyway, as far as I could judge, it was a matter of making a big case out of a simple stomach disturbance—and that's all it was, really, because Phil's a lot better; he doesn't sleep very well, this weather's got him down a bit—but then it always does—" Her voice rose high and quick, as if she were speaking by rote the small pitiful rationalisations with which she had learned to still the ever-present dread that haunted her.

"So many people I know have been through that kind of thing," she went on hurriedly. "My brother spent a whole year running around to doctors—one said it was gallstones, and another said it was something else—and while they were making up their minds what to operate for he just simply got well—and today doesn't know what it means to have an ache or a pain."

"That often happens," Margaret conceded.

"Dr. Goode said that he couldn't find a thing to be alarmed about with Phil."

"Then he did go to Dr. Goode—"

Edna bridled a little. "Well, after all, he's been our family physician for years, and I have confidence in him. He said if Phil followed a sensible diet, and took plenty of rest and didn't worry, he'd right himself in no time. I was there during the whole examination and Dr. Goode went over him thoroughly — blood pressure, heart, kidneys—"

"And the X-rays. What did he have to say about those?"

Edna looked blank. "What X-rays?"

Margaret fell silent, gazing off down the street to where Jeff was gnawing with relish a piece of ice that he had picked up from the gutter. Eagerly, he ran forward to seize another piece down the road.

Margaret turned her gaze. Edna was staring at her, her white face filled with a vast incredulity and surprised alarm.

Her lips moved stiffly. "Were there X-rays?"

Margaret nodded.

"Were they—" She couldn't go on. There was no need to go on. "He lied to me," she whispered. "He must have lied to Dr. Goode."

"He did," said Margaret

"Please . . ." said Edna in a choked voice, "Have you a minute? Could you come upstairs with me?" She looked towards Jeff, with thoughts of kidnapping and accident racing through her head.

"Let him play by himself," suggested Margaret gently. "He's old enough."

They turned and went into the house.

An hour later Margaret Ferris entered Dr. Haussmann's outer office. His secretary looked up and snapped a rubber band over a fresh paper wristlet. She was exploding with questions, but she said primly, "Doctor will be free directly."

"Thank you." Margaret walked over to a small table and glanced through the latest issue of the "Medical Journal," trying to calm the excitement that surged through her. From the moment she had entered the hospital she had been like a fire horse with the smell of smoke in her nostrils. She'd been aware, as she'd made her way to the laboratory to pick up Philip Deane's X-rays, that little groups of nurses buzzed with the same kind of curiosity that was at this moment consuming Emily Pritchard.

When a short while later she walked into Dr. Haussmann's presence she could see that he too was puzzled and more than a little surprised to see her. "Do you regret your quest for the holy grail of idealism?" his probing eyes seemed to ask. "Are you coming back to me on your shield or under it? Or have you thrown aside your shield, and come to ask for help?"

She read his mind so clearly that when she said "I have come to you for help" she saw him start and an expression of disappointment passed swiftly across his face.

"Yes." He used the word as an acknowledgment rather than as a question.

She opened the package of X-rays. "I was hoping that you'd be good enough to glance at these negatives."

"Certainly, Dr. Ferris." In his clipped acquiescence there was a hint of unspoken criticism—a doctor calls in another man for consultation, but he doesn't go running around with a batch of X-rays under his arm asking for opinions.

She offered him the first picture, and as he accepted it his glance lingered upon her in steady scrutiny for an instant, and then he turned to the window and raised the big celluloid sheet to the light. Margaret watched him. She saw concentration stiffen his jaw, heard a vague meaningless sound issue from between pursed lips. Without looking at her, he reached out for the next negative. He compared the pictures closely.

At last he spoke. "Were these obtained by chance, in the course of a thorough general examination, or were there symptoms which dictated this specific examination?"

"No very definite symptoms," she admitted.

He moved from the window and placed the negatives on his desk. "One does not come often upon so early a finding. I presume you would like my confirmation. The diagnosis is unmistakable, the prognosis favorable with immediate surgery."

"It is not as simple as that, Dr. Haussmann. These pictures were taken five weeks ago." Briefly she sketched to him the circumstances of the delay. He listened. "Stupidity," he muttered. "Noble stupidity, but stupidity none the less. What makes you think you can bring the fellow to his senses now?"

"I can't. That's up to his wife. When I left her she had arranged to meet him at his office for luncheon."

"My advice, then, is that he waste not one more day of precious time."

"And if he consents to enter the hospital tonight—and I believe he will—could you arrange to operate in the morning?"

"That is impossible. I am no longer in active surgery."

"You operated yesterday on one of Dr. Kirkland's patients."

"An exception. The patient happened to be the daughter of one of my oldest friends."

"My only point was that you operated," Margaret repeated levelly. "And brilliantly."

He closed the appointment book on his desk with an air of finality. "I am going to Arizona for three months."

"Not until the fifteenth. To-day is only the twelfth."

"Look here." He rubbed his hand across his brow in a tired gesture, and she noticed with concern the heavy marks of age he bore. "I am deeply complimented by the degree of trust you place in me. Fortunately I am possessed of humility. There are others equally skilled."

"I disagree. There is no one who can offer to this man the chance that you can."

"You seem to forget that my fee is prohibitive. It is my only protection."

"What would it be for this operation?" she asked dispassionately.

"Five thousand dollars. You see, it is out of the question."

"I DON'T think Mrs. Deane will feel that it is, with her husband's life at stake. They are far from rich, however, and it may take an extra day to make the arrangements."

"There must be no postponement," he ordained, and his voice was suddenly stern. "Engage the operating room as early as possible to-morrow morning."

"But the money—I will have to put it up to them—"

"The money is not important." He waved aside any attempt to thank him. Margaret fought back the tears that welled up in her eyes. "Mr. Deane is really Dr. Kirkland's patient," she said. "I know he will be grateful to you."

He wheeled on her. "If he is Kirkland's patient, why did not Kirkland come to me?"

"I tried to reach him, but he'd left for Bridgeport on a consultation."

"You are evidently seeing quite a bit of Dr. Kirkland," he dryly commented. "He keeps you well informed. You even know him well enough to step over his head and make arrangements for his cases."

"Oh, but that's not quite fair—" she broke in, scarlet.

"Fair or not, it does not take a blind man or a deaf one to prophesy that Dr. Margaret Ferris will soon be Mrs. William Kirkland." He picked up one of the X-rays and brandished it before her—"It is diagnosis like this that justifies a physician, that permits him to save life, that permits him to circumvent lethal processes before they get beyond control. And yet you talk of marriage, and quitting. Bah."

"I haven't talked of it. You have," she reminded him. "And you are quite mistaken. Dr. Kirkland is not in love with me."

Please turn to Page 40

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3-IN-ONE OIL

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The Dark Fraulein

Continued from Page 5

"AH, a colleague of Fraulein Osmond's! So you have come through the lines, Herr Richer. I congratulate you. Through the West Wall there cannot be many safe routes."

"There are none, Herr Walstan. But mine was plotted by the man who is your paymaster. Do you know the country between the lines?"

"I have been seldom in France."

"Yet your accent is perfect," Venetia assured him.

"You are complimentary, Fraulein!" With a smile he turned to Raeburn, who had opened a cigarette case. "No, thank you; I prefer my own. . . You have some special news for us, Herr Richer?"

"Yes; I've come to warn you. Tell me, have you ever heard of number X37?"

"My dear Herr Richer, if you're hoping to find out something about that gentleman, I'm afraid you'll fail. Besides, he does not operate in this area."

"He operates in every area," said Raeburn deliberately. "We even traced some of his movements by faked information that came through to Paris."

Walstan fingered his pointed beard. "So! As one moves about, in our game, one hears rumors. Myself, I sometimes doubt the existence of X37." He gave a shrug. "What is your view, Griese?"

"It does not concern me!" cried the younger man with sudden passion. "I know nothing about him."

Raeburn rose. "I'm sorry—I wondered if either of you could help me. One word of warning. Our friend X37 may be operating in this area any day. Auf wiedersehen."

The girl went out with him to the top of the stairs.

"Don't forget what I said," he whispered. "If there's anything suspicious, you know what to do—move!"

"I'll be all right, Nick," she said confidently. "See you on Friday. Yes, come to my hotel. About nine o'clock? Good luck."

Sleep and food meant little to Raeburn during the next forty hours. Two British agents went quietly to another district; and a waiter in a Frankfurt tavern disappeared, to find work in a Wiesbaden cafe frequented by officers on sick leave. But of the identity of X37 no new details could be discovered. A palisade of mystery surrounded the man, and it was in a depressed frame of mind that Raeburn made his way to Venetia Osmond's hotel at the hour of nine on Friday evening.

"The Fraulein has gone, Herr Unterofficier," said the man at the office desk, sucking in a pendulous lower lip. "She went three hours ago—yes, with luggage."

"She left no message?"

"None. Will you please sit down in the lounge? I will make an inquiry."

"Thanks." Raeburn went slowly along the corridor, and at the glass door he looked back. Through the office window he could see the man talking urgently into the telephone. It took fifteen seconds to reach the street, and he blessed the darkness that swallowed him up. He drew his hand across his forehead, and found it clammy.

"What the devil has happened?" There was only one person who might tell him. He hurried to Griese's lodgings, praying to high heaven that he would find the man at home. The door was opened with caution, and Raeburn thrust it wide and strode in.

"Heard the news, Griese?" he said sharply. "Fraulein Osmond has gone."

"I came to the railway station to warn you, Herr Richer." The young man spread out his pallid hands. "I missed you in the darkness."

"What's happened to her?" Raeburn was terse.

"I do not know, Herr Richer. I only got a message to say she was going—and to warn you at the station."

"Aren't you clearing out yourself?"

"No." Griese looked at him in sullen defiance. "Why should I? There is no suspicion on me. And if there is, I care nothing. It means my work is done."

Raeburn gripped him by the shoulder. "Are you crazy? Fraulein Osmond's in trouble. Where's Walstan—can you find him?"

"Sit down, Herr Richer. Pray sit down." Griese spoke with a calmness that made Raeburn stare. "I'll try to get in touch with him—it may take some time. You must wait here."

He was reaching for a thick muffler that hung behind the door, but Raeburn brushed past him with an oath.

Down in the street a thought flashed to him, and he made for the bus terminus. Venetia Osmond may have taken refuge with Fraulein Langen; in the deserted town she would be safe, for the time being at least. The bus with its shaded headlights seemed to crawl, and when he was at last on the footpath that led round the hillside he broke into a run.

NEAR the outskirts of Krazenbach he changed his plan. She might have gone to the little basement room where he had met her two nights before. But he could get no response there, and he hurried through quiet alleys to the house where Fraulein Langen was in hiding. The woman's relief on seeing him was manifest.

"Herr Richer! I told you I would count the hours till you came . . ."

"You had a message from Fraulein Osmond?"

"No." She drew in a quick breath. "There's something wrong—I can tell by your look."

"She left the hotel in a hurry tonight, Fraulein Langen."

"It was because of me!" Fraulein Langen's mouth had twisted in pain. "She took risks for my sake—the Gestapo must have found she was helping me."

"Perhaps." Raeburn dropped into a chair, his head between his hands. "I feel like going back into Dornfeld. But what's the good? I'd only run into trouble . . ."

"We'll both go back, Herr Richer—we can't leave her . . ."

"I'm afraid we must. I've got to report to my Chief before morning." He looked up. "I'd better tell you the truth, Fraulein Langen. I'm a liaison officer in the Intelligence Service. That's why I'd be breaking orders if I went back to help another agent."

THE woman put out her hand.

"Then Fraulein Osmond—she is in the Service too?"

"You might have guessed!"

"It was no business of mine, and I didn't care to ask. Is there nothing we can do for her—nothing?"

"It's hopeless." Slowly Raeburn got to his feet. "We'll have to be going, Fraulein. We must get across No Man's Land before daybreak."

The woman stood for a moment with bowed head, her fingers interlaced. "If we must, I am ready."

He gave her some directions at the door. "You will follow half a dozen yards behind me. If you see me stop, be ready to turn back—it probably means I've spotted a patrol."

Clouds obscured the moon as they set out. He was grateful, for he recalled how troublesome it had been two nights before. He followed the route planned and rehearsed by his Chief, and they were emerging from the huddled streets on the south when the woman quickened her pace and drew alongside.

"I think we are being followed. My eyes are poor in the dark, but I have a good hearing . . ."

They stopped to listen. They had come through an ancient archway at the end of a narrow street. It was like the black mouth of a cavern behind them.

"I can hear nothing now," she said, "but I thought there were footsteps."

"Keep close behind me," Raeburn ordered. "Tell me at once if you hear them again."

He wondered if he had been followed all the way from Dornfeld. It was unlikely; perhaps it was only the steps of a distant patrol she had heard. Half an hour later, they were skirting one of the reserve strong points of the line. There had been no further sign of pursuit; but when they dipped into a hollow and passed through a coppice, his companion touched his arm. Behind them, an unwary foot had crackled among dry twigs.

Raeburn could hear the woman's tense, constricted breathing.

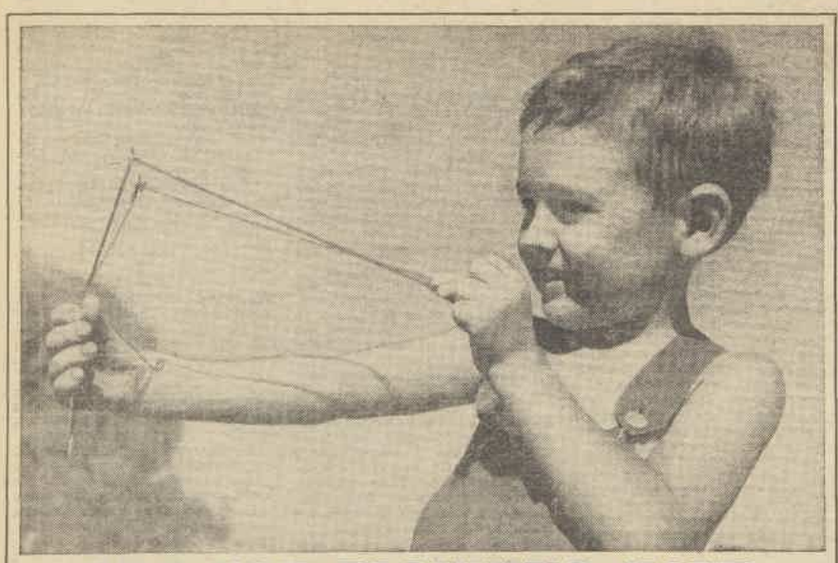
"Steady," he whispered. "We'll go on a bit farther. If there's only one of them, I can cope with him."

They were approaching a huddle of deserted farm buildings, and he drew Fraulein Langen into the angle of a wall beside a shed.

"We'll wait here," he ordered. "Keep well back."

He could hear quick footsteps approaching, and a dark figure came into view. Raeburn gathered himself together; then he leaped out and his fist swung forward with all his weight behind it.

Please turn to Page 12



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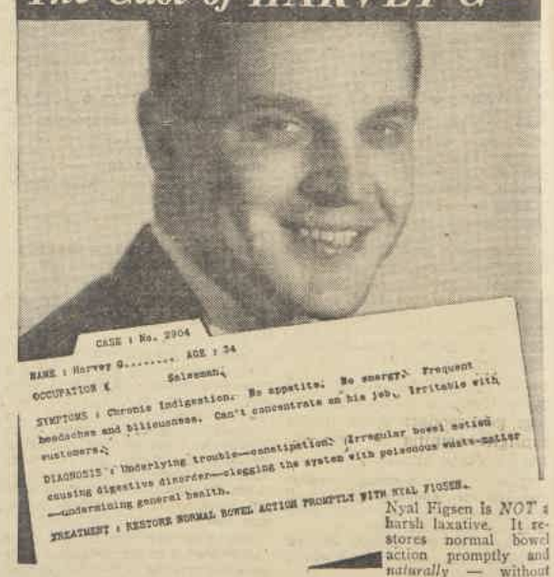

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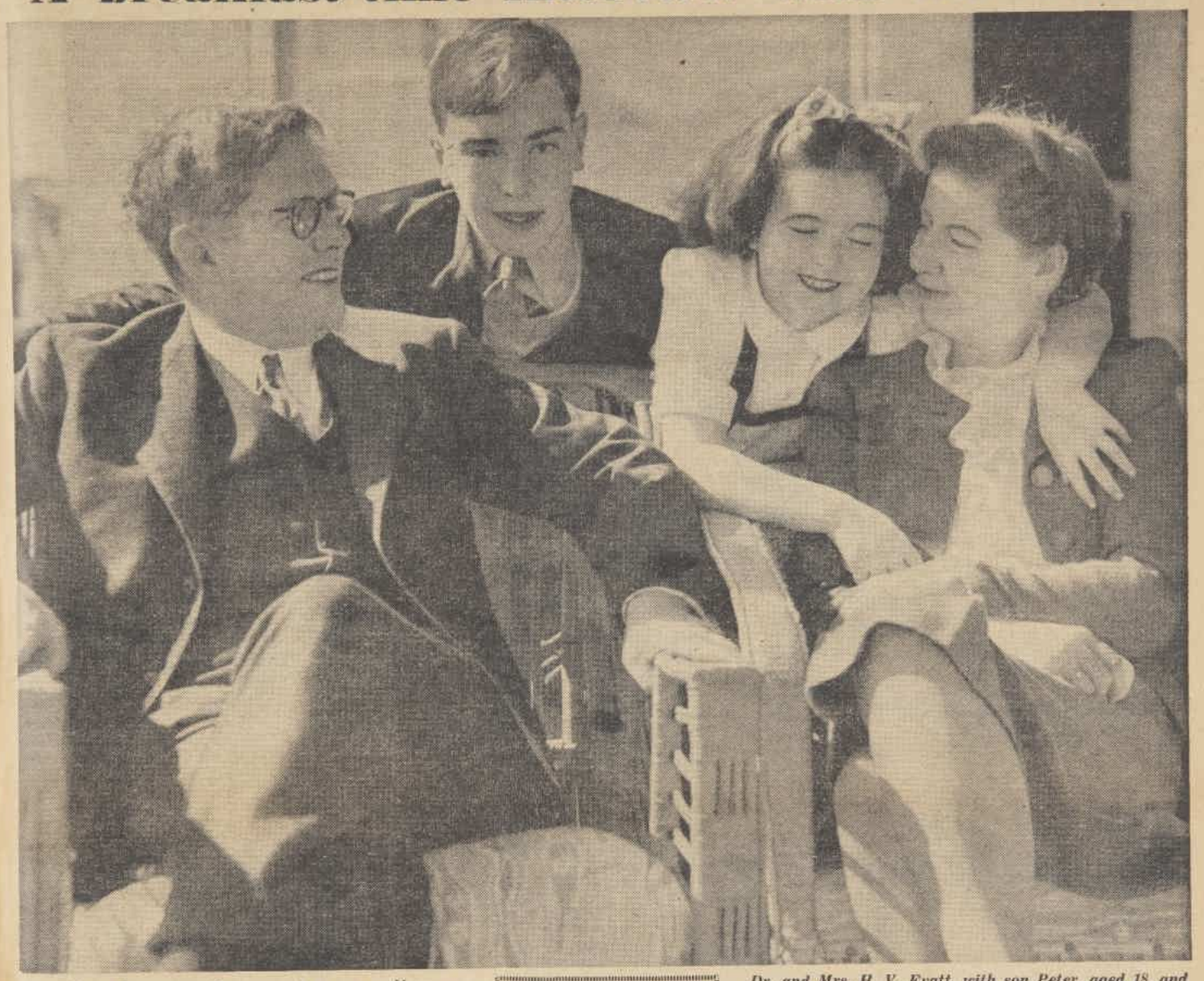
A breakfast-time interview with Dr. Evatt



Dr. and Mrs. H. V. Evatt, with son Peter, aged 18, and daughter Rosalind, aged 8

Son's plea to "give it a go" was factor in Barton decision

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

When a High Court judge steps down from a post of £60 a week to fight an election in a seat which is held by the other side it sort of captures the imagination.

So I rang the man who did this—Dr. Evatt. I wanted to talk to him. Half the population of Sydney had the same idea. Eventually I got through. A pleasant voice—as casual and friendly as your own big brother—said:

"Yes. Certainly I'll see you. Drop in for breakfast with us."

(Us was Dr. Evatt and his wife and two children.)

WHEN I arrived the Evatt family was sitting down to breakfast in their big living-room filled with brightness and color from its light furnishings, gay, modern pictures and sunlight coming in through the Venetian blinds.

There was nothing tensely dramatic or awe-inspiring about this 46-year-old man—just quiet strength and friendliness.

I looked for the judicial air and the High Court manner, but it wasn't on parade:

"Turn off the wireless, please, Rosalind," said Dr. Evatt to his young daughter.

"Please, Dad, I want to hear Pinocchio."

His Honor left it at that. Anyway, it was his last day as a judge.

Between phone calls Mrs. Evatt, slim and youthful, with her corn-colored hair swathed high on her well-shaped head, poured coffee and helped her husband to be interviewed and organise his day's programme.

While his 18-year-old son, Peter, and his wife answered the almost non-stop telephone calls, Macgregor, the Aberdeen, and Don Bradman, the Airedale, rushed round the verandah, and Rosalind, his vivacious, eight-year-old daughter, bounced backwards and forwards from the radio to the breakfast-table, Dr. Evatt quietly got on with his breakfast of grapefruit, coffee, and rolls.

The man who felt he would be "squibbing" if he did not sacrifice his personal security to re-enter politics, and "felt like a kid" when he had made his decision, is broad-shouldered, with a comfortable curve in his waistline.

He has a boy's smile, and grey eyes that are kindly, alert and humorous behind his horn-rimmed spectacles, and rumpled grey hair above a broad forehead.

Dr. Evatt talked about his decision to enter politics.

"I have noticed ever since the last war that people display more selfishness in ordinary, every-day decisions," he said.

"Before they decide anything, people want to be perfectly sure that the job is worth just a little bit more or that there is no risk in it.

Mother knew best

DR. EVATT says he owes his education to his mother.

"I remember when we came to Sydney from East Maitland, when I was eleven. I admitted to her that I thought the class I was in was a bit easy for me.

"People didn't use the telephones or trams much in those days, not for everyday errands, so mother tramped up the hill to Fort Street School to see Mr. Kilgour, the much-loved headmaster, and asked him to put me in a higher class."

Not always best

"I HAVE noticed also that this attitude does not always add to happiness nor do the decisions always turn out as they expected.

"In other words, by depending too much on security we often fail to get it.

"It has become a habit with us to think, 'I must put my own job first.' We take no risks either personally or nationally."

I asked Dr. Evatt were women as guilty as men of this attitude.

"What do you think?" he asked his wife.

"I think women do **have this** outlook," she said, "but **it is** understandable.

"Women are weighed down by the worry of what is going to happen to their children.

"They are willing to sacrifice themselves for their children, but they do not venture enough for them. They are too cautious when they might give their children the opportunity to be brave and adventurous."

The word "adventurous" tapped a line of thought for Dr. Evatt.

"Looking back I realise that my mother was an adventurous, courageous woman," he said.

"She became a widow with a family of six sons to bring up when her eldest son was only fourteen and her sixth son, my youngest brother, Clive, now a K.C. and M.L.A., only six months old.

"She saw that we all did our best. My eldest brother is Mr. George Evatt, former Commissioner for Irrigation, now Chairman of the Dried Fruits Board, the next brother John is a Sydney business man. Two sons younger than I, Ray and Frank, were killed during the last war.

"We were not a wealthy family, but if mother ever had fears for us we never knew of them. She was most ambitious for us all, urging us on to grasp every opportunity for more education.

"She always wanted us to try to do things that seemed difficult for us.

"When I won three scholarships I knew she was proud of me, but she also gave me a feeling that I might have won four.

"Courage is the true grace of women.

"My wife is the most courageous person I've ever known," said Dr. Evatt, smiling at her embarrassment. "She has more courage than I shall ever have, both in the large and the small decisions we have had to make."

Dr. and Mrs. Evatt will celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary in November, and marriage to them has been a romance—still is a romance.

Mary Alice Sheffer was an undergraduate studying architecture at Sydney University when she met the young law student, Herbert Evatt.

They knew each other for nearly three years, but were not permitted to marry because they were too young.

On the day young Mr. Evatt was called to the Bar they announced their engagement.

"We were married very early in my husband's legal career; he did not begin practice until after our honeymoon," said Mrs. Evatt.

"It's an admission I know I shouldn't make, but we spent what little money we had on our honeymoon. I know young married couples should not be so spendthrift, but we were young and we did not regret it.

"Yes, I am helping my husband in his election campaign. I shall probably be terribly nervous, as I was in the early days when I first began public speaking.

"But when you believe in what you're speaking about your nervousness soon vanishes, and I always found that audiences were very chivalrous to women speakers.

"They were stirring times, and I expect these rushed weeks of the campaign will be, too.

"Peter was two years old then, and I had no domestic help, so I took him round with me."

When Dr. Evatt was considering whether he would give up his judgeship and contest the Barton seat there was a trunk telephone call for him from Victoria.

"Give it a go, Dad," said his son Peter, from Geelong Grammar School. "I think you should, and 'Darty' (his housemaster) thinks you should, too."

Adele Shelton Smith, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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The Dark Fraulein

Continued from Page 10

THE blow went home. He felt his knuckles connect with the edge of a jaw, and the man went down with a grunt that ended in a choking gasp. Raeburn dropped on one knee. He was peering into the bearded face of Walstan.

"The swine!" He knew now who had sold Venetia Osmond . . . Had she got away—or was she in the hands of the Gestapo? He gripped the man's shoulders and shook him, but Walstan's head sagged back. He was breathing strangely.

Fraulein Langen leaned down. "Who is it?"

"A man Venetia Osmond trusted. I've knocked him out — I wish to heaven I'd finished the brute . . ."

"Leave him," she urged. "What's the use?"

The figure on the ground did not move. "I must know what happened to her—if she got clear . . ."

But Fraulein Langen had swung round; and at the same moment Raeburn heard the noise that had alarmed her. From somewhere in the darkness of the meadow men were approaching. They halted, and a voice called out in challenge.

"That way!" Raeburn spoke into Fraulein Langen's ear. "You go first."

The voices challenged again. He decided to give the woman a start of a few seconds before he followed. He was aware of a movement at his feet; it was Walstan stirring. There was the crackle of a rifle-shot, and Raeburn felt a sting in his arm. As he began to run, two more shots rang out. He was thankful for the deep turf underfoot, for his steps were noiseless, and presently he was in the shelter of a hedge. He caught up to Fraulein Langen on the fringe of some trees.

"Keep left," he whispered, slipping his hand through her arm.

"Those shots—you weren't hit?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes—but it's nothing." He heard her exclamation of dismay. "It's nothing!" he repeated. "We've got to move—they're bound to follow us."

Raeburn did not slacken his pace until they were in the middle of the next meadow. He could hear subdued shouts, and a light glimmered and went out. "They're hunting among the trees. Good luck to them! We should come to a stream in a minute . . ." Its winding course took them forward a couple of miles; and twice they crossed military roads, waiting in the ditch till they were confident the way was clear.

"We're in No Man's Land now," he informed her when they came to an overgrown track. "It's machine-gun patrols we must watch for. Devilish easy to blunder into them . . ." From down the line came the grr-grumph! of high explosive. "The heavies. Probably shelling some of the roads. Thank heaven, it's quiet enough here . . ."

SHE had touched his hand and found blood on it.

"I'm going to bind this up," she said firmly. "Please take off your coat."

"No time for that," he objected. "It's only my forearm—nothing to worry about . . ." But she was rolling up his sleeve, and they crouched beside a bush while she tied a handkerchief over the wound. When they went on again he realised that he must have lost a lot of blood; his knees felt weak, and his head was strangely light. His companion noticed his lagging step.

"Drink this," she said gently. A tiny brandy-flask was put in his hand. It was the only thing she had brought with her, she explained: a gift from her boy last summer when she had visited him in France. "Have a rest for a moment—you'll feel better."

"No; we must keep on, Fraulein. We follow this track past a stone-quarry——"

But his words were cut short by a crisp order in German. It was repeated close at hand, and a man jumped down into the track a dozen paces away.

"Halt!" cried Raeburn sharply. "Ich komme nach. Warten Sie hier."

The man was satisfied, but only for a moment. "Was ist denn los?"

"Quick," Raeburn whispered to Fraulein Langen, and they crashed through a gap in the bushes. Behind them, a few seconds later, they could hear exclamations; and they blundered forward in a blind rush through the undergrowth.

"Don't get far from the road," Raeburn warned her, "or we're lost."

HE could feel his strength going, and it was Fraulein Langen who guided him. Men were closing in. He could hear a voice somewhere on the right, and it was answered by another. A rifle barked; he could see the flash over his shoulder; and a bullet hissed among the bushes.

"We'll give them the slip at the quarry," he said; but he spoke with a confidence he did not feel. Rapid footsteps sounded close behind—so close they seemed to be at his elbow—and he clenched his teeth in an effort to gain speed. And now he heard another voice, one that spoke in a different tongue, but he could not catch the words. His head was swimming now. Helpless, he went down with a groan. And then he realised that his companion was crouching beside him, and that a machine-gun was spitting bullets from a point less than a stone's-throw away. Someone was dragging him into the shelter of a ditch, and a French officer was putting to him a string of fluent questions.

. . . . . .

At daybreak in a room at advance headquarters, Raeburn lay back in a chair. He was alone with his Chief, and he looked up wanly at the shrewd reddish face with the cool eyes and close-clipped grey moustache.

"Well, Raeburn, you've pulled off a good piece of work."

"I'm afraid I haven't, sir," said Raeburn dismally.

"At any rate, we know that in Kranzenbach there's a counter-espionage headquarters."

Raeburn ran his fingers through his tousled hair. "About X37, sir. I'd better admit it right away—I've failed. But there's a swine called Walstan that followed us—I'll swear he knows something. He sold Venetia Osmond to the Gestapo . . ."

"If you're feeling better," said the colonel, "come in here. We've got a valuable prisoner."

"You don't mean Walstan?"

Raeburn jumped from the chair, his weakness forgotten. It was Walstan himself who stood at the other side of the table in the next room. When he caught sight of Raeburn he fingered his jaw and gave a wry smile. "It was touch and go at those farm buildings," he said with a nod.

"Miss Osmond ordered Herr Walstan to follow you," explained the colonel, "with this letter—addressed to me."

Raeburn was staring at Venetia Osmond's handwriting. "Captain Raeburn is to bring Fraulein Langen across the lines to-night. She couldn't be in safer hands. Look after her well. She used to work in Hirsch's office, and is now known as X37."

Walstan gave a quick laugh. "Miss Osmond didn't discover it till last evening when she went to the house in Kranzenbach. Fraulein Langen was out. What made her search the place was an ash-tray with the stubs of three Cuban cigarettes!"

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[Another story in this series will appear at an early date.]

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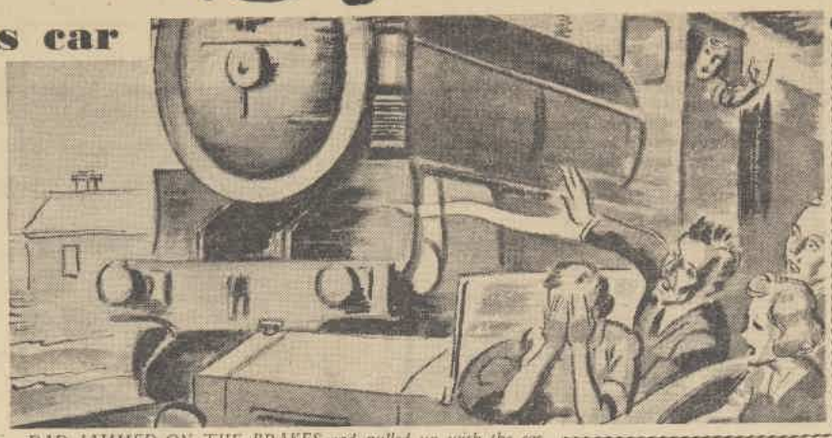
Real Life Stories

Train strips car engine off chassis

Occupants unhurt



DAD JAMMED ON THE BRAKES and pulled up with the car just touching the line. The train was practically on them.

MY brother was returning home in a light car with his girl friend and her mother and father. They had been to a tennis tournament near Colac (Vic.)

The young people were sitting in the back seat chatting and laughing; the parents were in the front seat with father driving.

Suddenly the mother said, "Mind, Dad, there's a railway crossing!"

They were almost on it as she spoke for a sharp turn at that spot brings the road right on to the line and houses on either side hide the view.

A strong wind had prevented them hearing the approach of a train only a few yards along the line.

Dad jammed on the brakes and pulled up with the car just touching the line. The train was practically on them.

The next thing they knew was that their car engine had gone.

The train had dashed by and whipped the engine cleanly off the car, leaving the four people sitting in what was left—quite unharmed!

Imagine their thoughts: first "this is the end," then realising that by some act of Providence they were still in the land of the living.

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ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Send in your Real Life Stories, which may be exciting or tragic, but which must be AUTHENTIC.

Full address at top of page 7.

Cliff rescue

MY father has just been awarded a certificate of merit and his employer a bronze medal for their plucky rescue of myself (9), and my friend (10), during the Christmas holidays.

Mistaking the track to descend The Nut, a cliff 400 feet high at the back of our place, we found ourselves trapped in a crevice. To descend meant death, and we couldn't return because we had slid down six feet of rock.

Mother heard our cries, and father and his employer, Mr. Holmes, came as quickly as they could.

Mr. Holmes climbed an almost vertical cliff, and my father ascended the track and climbed down to a rock above us.

His climb loosened many rocks, and one hit me on the head. Father was afraid to come further in case other rocks might knock us off our dangerous perch.

Finally, Mr. Holmes was able to push us up the rock and my father pulled us to safety. Mr. Holmes could not return the way he came as the footholds had gone, and with much difficulty he managed to climb the crevice.

After we had all rested we returned down the right track, and I made up my mind never to go adventuring again.

2/6 to Norma Emmett, Box 63, Stanley, Tas.

Ferocious goat

THIS adventure happened to my mother soon after she was married. She is now 93 years of age. My parents had a hut at Gulgong on the diggings.

The only milk to be had there was goat's milk, and there were also wild goats roaming about.

Among them was a big old billy who was very ferocious. The women and children were terrified of him, as he was known to attack anyone he met.

One day mother went down to the creek for water, and there she found Mr. Billy drinking. She left the bucket and ran for her life, with the billy in hot pursuit.

She reached the hut and shut the door, but he tore the threshold up with his horns and got in. Mother crawled under the bed, and the goat, in his frenzy, tore all the calico lining from round the hut and made an awful mess of things.

Mother was almost fainting with terror, but someone had seen the goat chase her, and soon the men came and shot him. Everyone about was very glad.

2/6 to Mrs. Jas. M. Ryan, Wilson's Reef, Trunkey Creek, N.S.W.

Petrol waggon crashes down embankment

BEFORE petrol bowsers and tanker waggons became a common sight on country roads, I was engaged driving a transport truck.

The truck was a three-tonner with kerosene lights, and my loads were usually petrol in tins—loose and cased.

One evening I was descending a hill when a car coming from the opposite direction so dazzled me that I could not see the road. I resorted to the old trick of following the fence.

Then I noticed I could not hear the crunch of gravel under the wheels. I swung the wheel to the right and plunged eight feet down an embankment. Fortunately the truck remained upright, but the crash started petrol leaking everywhere, and we had to rush to blow out our lights to avoid an explosion.

Had we gone a few yards farther we would have rolled off the bank where it deepened to 30ft. The roadway had moved away at an angle from the fence and descended through a cutting to a culvert crossing a small gully. The fence followed the top of the embankment.

2/6 to V. F. Hughes, 181 Stanmore Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

Mine washaway

MY mate and I were working in a coal mine in Glencraig, Fifeshire, Scotland. After reaching the coal face my mate observed a small trickling of water through the coal, but we continued working.

Then all at once we heard a loud roar, and I was caught in a terrific stream of water. I was hurled into blackness down an incline for a distance of 50 yards, where I came in contact with a steam pipe and held myself there. In a state of stupor and suffering from abrasions to the head and face, I was then rescued by my mates.

2/6 to W. Nicholls, Tulka Tce., Port Lincoln, S.A.

Whizzing bullet

ONE night, Dad, Mum, and some friends were talking round the fire.

Suddenly a shot was heard, and a bullet shot past Dad's head. The maid had swept it into the fire and it went off, just skimming through Dad's hair.

2/6 to Miss J. A. Laurie, Stobo, Rawden Vale, via Gloucester, N.S.W.

SHORT and SNAPPY

Send your anecdotes of odd, amusing incidents for this column: 10/6 will be paid for the best item and 2/6 for others published.

COW-ARDLY TRICK

MY sister, who always milked our cows, was away, so it became my job. The cows had never been milked by a man before, and wouldn't come near me.

After trying unsuccessfully for about half an hour to get them into their balls, I decided, as an experiment, to dress myself up like a woman.

I put on one of my sister's dresses. The cows became quite friendly, and I was able to get my milking done.

10/6 to Mr. Fred Low, c/o 188 Nott St., Port Melbourne SC7, Vic.

STRANGE CHICKENS

FOUR years ago I was visiting my uncle's farm in the Northern Territory, 200 miles from Darwin. There were aborigines employed on the place, and I did not understand their ways.

One day one brought me some eggs he had found by the river. They looked like hen eggs, so I decided to set a hen. Later I found the hen had disappeared, so I looked around till I came to a little pool.

There was the hen, apparently wondering what it was all about, watching six little crocodiles swimming in the pool.

2/6 to L. Sullivan, Kargoruna Estate, Beaudesert, Qld.

TEMPORARY NURSEMAIDS

I CAME from the country to spend a few days with my sister in the city. She had a baby three months old, and I had a baby three months old. We decided to go and hear some Welsh singers, and our husbands offered to mind the babies.

We arrived home, and walked like two burglars up the garden path, stole down the hall, opened the dining-room door very quietly, and this is what met our eyes—the two husbands in armchairs, before a cosy fire, each holding his own baby, and all of them sound asleep!

2/6 to Mrs. James Clezy, Box 216, Naracoorte, S.A.

COUNTRY WAYS

SOME friends of mine had a visit from their bachelor brother from the country. While there he painted the side lattice gate for them.

On completing the work he "tidily" threw the empty paint can over the back fence, narrowly missing a pedestrian and just skimming the bonnet of a passing car. He forgot there was no two-mile paddock outside!

2/6 to Mrs. G. Rout, Nirvana, 10 Foster St., West Ryde, N.S.W.

Quick tricks for good grooming

113. *"There's nothing like 'Vaseline' Jelly to smooth and soften a rough, dry neck."—Mrs. Hill, Pine Street, Randwick, N.S.W.*

114. *"Rub 'Vaseline' Jelly well into the cuticles to prevent them becoming ragged and the nails from breaking."—Mrs. Wetherred, Glen Oak, Scone, N.S.W.*

115. *"Before motoring, rub a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on the lips to prevent them from cracking."—Miss D. Grimison, Reid's Flat, Boorowa, N.S.W.*

116. *"I have a very sensitive dry skin, and I find that 'Vaseline' Jelly rubbed on my face every now and then is very soothing."—Mrs. C. Ford, Fraser Terrace, Highgate Hill, Brisbane, Queensland.*

117. *"Apply 'Vaseline' Jelly to arms, legs and back before sunbaking or surfing, to promote an even tan and save sunburning."—Mr. Wilson, Woodgee Street, Currumbin Beach, Q.*

WE WILL PAY £1 *to anyone sending in uses of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion together with the label from a jar of genuine "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly to Chesebrough, Dept. A52 . Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.*
(This request for a 'Vaseline' Jelly label does not apply in S.A. or Q.)

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WHITE—8d. and 1/3½ per jar.
YELLOW—6½d. and 1/0½ per jar.
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An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 14, 1940

WOMEN'S DUTY AND THE VOTE

ON Saturday week the women of Australia will go to the polls to help elect a Federal Government.

During the election campaign they will hear all sides of the argument as to who should and who should not be sent to Canberra.

Under such an avalanche of words it is sometimes difficult for women voters to get a clear viewpoint on the elections. Fortunately the issues have never been simpler.

Australia wants a government that will help win the war—by putting forth our maximum effort. That is the paramount, the only consideration.

The women's vote will be a tremendous force in this election, since by the very power of numbers it can say who is to rule.

Faced with this responsibility the women of Australia must make their vote very much more than a series of numbers on a ballot paper.

It must not be a vote cast in the rather cynical mould of pre-war days, when too many women voted the way their menfolk did, not from conviction but for convenience.

In this war-time election they must think for themselves.

Parties are no longer sacred; policies must ring true, personality must be more than smooth words.

Women should make a point of hearing all sides, keeping an open mind and then judging for themselves.

The danger to the Empire has brought many new men to the hustings.

Many of them are making personal and financial sacrifices in an honest desire to represent the people.

In this new example of public spirit is something that can give us a parliament in keeping with the win-the-war outlook of Australia.

But this objective cannot be achieved without an intelligent vote from women.

—THE EDITOR.

LETTERS from the A.I.F.

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Gunner B. Anley in Egypt to his mother:

"ON Saturday last a large number of us went into Beersheba race meeting. Admission was free in the flat and 250 mils in the paddock. Needless to say most of us went in the flat.

"I understand from so-called experts that the meeting was more primitive than a backblocks meeting.

"The Tote went broke about the third race and had to borrow from the Palestine Police Depot to pay out. The barrier consisted of thin air and a man walking up and down the line waving a piece of white fence-paling.

"About eight horses circled the 'track'—about a mile—before they could be notified that it was a no-race, and consequently were so tired they could hardly move when the race did start, and therefore the few remaining horses walked in. The jockeys—Arabs—rode bareback.

"There was also a camel race, the chargers having to commence the race on their knees.

"I wouldn't have missed the meeting for the world. The fun was enormous, apart from the fact that few people can say they have attended a race meeting at Beersheba, as it is only held yearly."

❖ ❖ ❖

Corporal V. A. Hill in Palestine to Miss S. Small, of Mascot, N.S.W.:

"YESTERDAY was mail day here, and the mail amounted to forty-four bags for the battalion.

"You know, Sadie, mail day here is even more important than pay day, and that's saying something.

"I've seen the companies arrive in at four o'clock tired and bad-tempered after a trying day and long route march. But upon mail being produced the nicely lined-up platoons immediately begin to melt into disorganised bunches of men who clamor and crawl all over those issuing the mail."

❖ ❖ ❖

Sgt. D. Macdonald, with R.A.F. in East, to his cousin in Shepparton, Vic.:

"I GAVE our boy 90 cents last week to bring me some grass mats to put on the floor.

"He brought me three, one with a lion on, another a tiger, and the other a panther, so I feel quite at home in the jungle.

"We have been issued with tiger-hunting hats, so all we want now is a couple of elephants to ride round on."

❖ ❖ ❖

An officer of the Artillery in Palestine to his wife in Melbourne:

"YOU must pardon the paper, but it is all I have out here, and I am writing by a torch with a dark blue covering on it—everything is 'blackout' these days.

"We are right in the wilds now, with Bedouin camps all round us. So far they are friendly, but we are not taking any chances. I have bought some soup cubes and canned peas, and I make beef tea, etc., on my primus—the one you laughed about my bringing away."

Winnie the war winner

"He's in charge of our smoke-screen."

Captain Zimmermann in Palestine to his mother in Randwick, N.S.W.:

"THERE is a likeable 'Wog' working here in camp. The boys have christened him 'Sgt. Rubbish,' as his duties consist of keeping the place clean. He thinks the Australians are great guys and insists that he is coming to Australia with us.

"His four wives, 13 children, two dogs and a pair of donkeys don't mean a thing to him when the promise of a trip to Australia is mentioned.

"Practically every morning on waking there is a present with his compliments running around the tent. Sometimes a half-starved chicken, sometimes a peculiar looking rabbit, a water pitcher or a bunch of bananas, anything he can 'lift' from his own village, methinks.

"I'm afraid he is going to take a lot of shaking off as his attitude represents the Arabs' feelings to the Australians—they like us."

❖ ❖ ❖

A soldier stationed near Darwin to his wife in South Yarra, Vic.:

"IT is very hot and dusty here, and what I miss most is my daily shower. You can't bathe even in the shallow water in the ocean because of sharks and crocodiles.

"The tide rises and falls 28 feet, and when it goes out it goes out three-quarters of a mile, so we bathe in the pools left in the rocks by the tide.

"One night we went out and caught five turtles. The smallest was 3 feet across the shell. They are very strong and powerful swimmers. Their eggs are a bit larger than a golf ball, and are very rich to eat."

A N.S.W. corporal to his mother in Parramatta:

"SO excited I can hardly write—letters all around me.

"I've only read bits out of all except Jean's. Just like a kid at Christmas, I don't know what to look at next. I can't even think.

"This is the first real mail we've had and the camp is in an uproar. They say there's more mail in at headquarters and it will be out to-morrow.

"Gee! It's great to hear from you all, and so many of them—three from Jean, two from you, one from Clara, one from Midge, one from Tip, one from cousin Kath, and two from cobbers left behind.

"After Jean's and yours I read the others, and now I'm trying to remember all the news in them.

"Gee! What a day! Look, Mum, you grey-haired old darling, it's impossible to write anything understandable to-night so will have to close and try to read these letters again."

❖ ❖ ❖

Pte. Joe Coombe in England to his mother, Mrs. W. H. Coombe, Moorlands, S.A.:

"EVER since we made camp we have been digging air-raid shelters, and have already had two alarms. It is not exactly a bright and cheerful feeling to hear the planes zooming up top and wondering when and where they will start laying eggs.

"There are quite a number of girls to be seen in uniform, mostly military car drivers. They look swell in their khaki-and-grey uniforms.

"To-morrow I start on thirty-six hours leave and I hope to go to London."

❖ ❖ ❖

Ben White, of Brookton, W.A., believed to be the only Australian member of the R.A.F. in the evacuation from Dunkirk, to a friend in W.A.:

"NIGHTLY German bombers are trying us out, but have only dropped a few about here. They will meet with bags of opposition should they attempt anything on a large scale.

"Bombs do not greatly alarm me owing to the great numbers I have seen falling, but shrapnel just breaks my heart.

"Those days of Flanders—when I had to stay on the ground owing to a spot of accurate fire by a Messerschmitt over Belgium—and retreat with the army taught me sufficient about shrapnel to last me a lifetime.

"How wonderfully and delightfully near has your grand parcel, received to-day after two months of travel, brought me to dear Australian people.

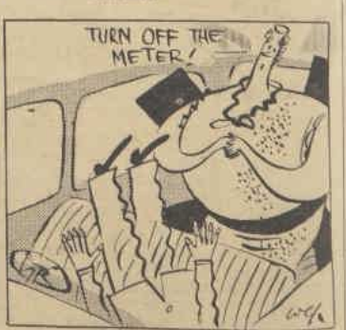
"A million thanks for such a welcome gesture. Have offered my pals a taste of really dinkum Aussie food.

"The parcel with its bevy of stamps lay upon the mess-room table, and everyone had to peruse it.

"The note on the parcel, quoting your own words, 'If anything has happened to Ben White, contents are to go to another Australian,' was a much-discussed matter during lunch.

"It was ultimately decided and unanimously sanctioned that had I not been in a position to receive it, it was to be divided among six members of my flight who were sworn on oath to retain it as a keepsake in memory of the big Aussie—me—who had talked so much about the Paradise of the Universe—Australia."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY .... *By WEP*



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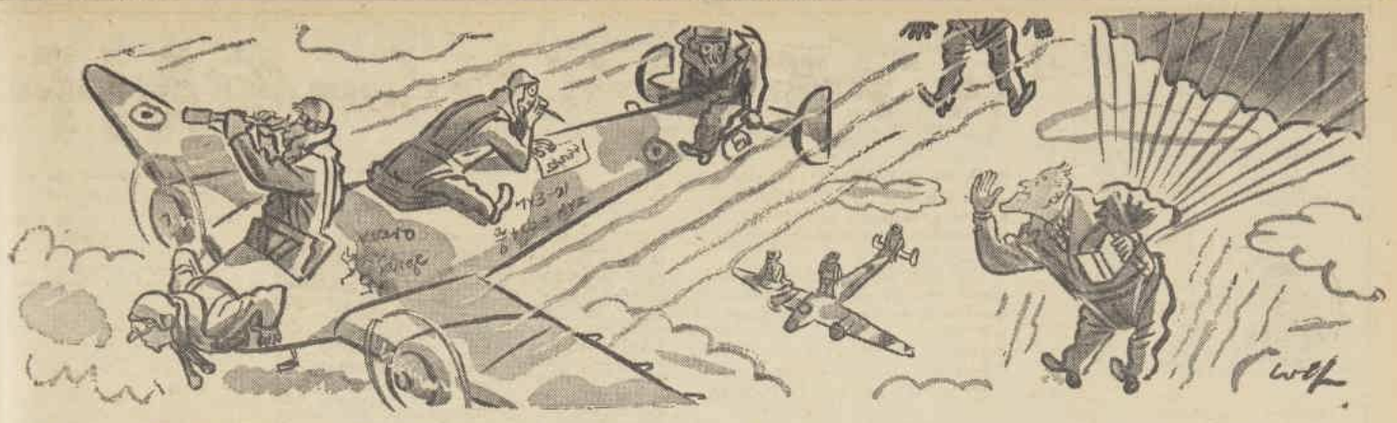

If L. W. Lower is to be believed, these budding airmen are doing their homework.

The ABC – XYZ of becoming an airman

L. W. Lower's learned treatise on arithmetical aerobatics

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

If I were young and healthier, and not so decrepit and afraid, and didn't have a family and a couple of pet bookmakers to keep, and didn't have such a moody disposition, I'd join the Air Force.

All the same, I can't understand why they're making the education and general knowledge examination so tough. I've not seen the examination papers, but I can imagine there'd be a few problems which might even baffle me.

FOR instance: If the slip-stream of a twin-engined bomber is three miles long at 160 miles per hour, how much does the pilot weigh?

A minute's thought gives us the answer: Ten stone six pounds.

Of course, they're not all as easy as that.

My brother Lancelot nearly joined the Air Force, but he caught a glimpse of the instrument-board on a plane with all the dials, gauges, knobs, lights, and gadgets on it and decided he'd be better off in the cavalry.

It seemed to him that there were so many possibilities of doing the wrong thing that the game wasn't worth while.

"Anyhow," he said, "I don't see why you need a spirit-level to tell when you're upside down." That shows that he was entirely unfitted for the Air Force.

Education is one of the principal things in aviation. Problems such as these are essential:

A man has a ten-gallon keg and a seven-gallon keg. He fills the seven-gallon keg from the ten-gallon keg and then pours three gallons back. Why?

I won't tell you the answer because it'd spoil things. Besides, I can't pamper you all the time. You'll never get into the Air Force that way.

What I want to know is what "loony" thinks up all these problems. Does he sit up all night inventing boys who have 19 bananas and five apples, and all that rot, and then sit back with a sigh in the pale light of the dawn and say grimly, "That ought to trick 'em"?

Or is he some embittered soul who has a "down" on everybody, and just likes making a pest of himself?

Really refreshing

THEY keep on doing it, too, in the Air Force. They call them refresher courses.

Some fighter pilot comes back after shooting down 15 enemy planes and they put him back in school and ask him the cube root of sixty-nine and a half. This is supposed to do him good.

I think I prefer the infantry, even if your boots do fall to pieces. In the infantry the less you know the better.

Once you get used to being ordered about, life becomes easier all round.

I once made the big mistake of thinking when I was in the army.

I did something which I thought was particularly useful and helpful and the sergeant-major said, "What the blazes do you——" (I won't go into details).

I replied, "Well, I thought——" That's as far as I got.

"You're not here to think!" he roared.

"All right," I said.

"Don't answer me back!" he yelled. And that was that.

They had me that way at the finish that I used to leap to attention if somebody coughed. But I didn't have to think.

For months after I left the army I couldn't eat unless somebody blew a bugle first.

That's why I'm sorry for these lads in the Air Force. They're expected to be gentlemen, wear collars and ties and parachutes and goggles and ear-phones and overalls and gas-masks and goodness knows what, as well as pass examinations which would make the average college professor put his hat on and go home.

The observer is worse off than the pilot. He can't get on with his homework when he's got to spend all his time observing.

The result is that when he lands his senior officer says: "How are you getting on with your Latin, Jones?"

"Well, sir, we met a squadron of Junker 87's and shot down four——"

"That's all right, but your Latin is most important. How do you expect promotion if you neglect your Latin? There's Smith of the fourth squadron finished his history paper as he floated down on his parachute. I'm surprised at you, Jones. Surprised and disappointed. Any more of this neglect of studies and you will be transferred to the ground staff."

Sounds a bit harsh, but I believe it happens quite frequently.

I'm dead against this intensive education for airmen.

When Bleriot flew the English Channel he couldn't speak a word of English. Doesn't that prove something?

And how many of you could say offhand how many ounces there are in a kilometre?

It's most unfair to our airmen and I intend to send a stinging letter to the Minister for Air about it.

That ought to make him sit up.

Men appreciate the unchanging quality of Pears—the soap that is matured like fine old wine to make it so wonderfully mild and mellow . . . transparent . . . unique. And for his skin as well as your own the lively stimulation of Pears tonic action is pleasant and refreshing!

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Here's Lip Loveliness that leaves no Lip Prints

A new miracle comes to the aid of beauty. Gone is the greasy lipstick that stains everything the lips touch . . . gone the painted look and smeary lip line! Liquid LIP-GLO imparts satiny loveliness that *stays* enticingly bright.

Obtainable at all Chemists, Stores and Beauty Salons, or from **Philip Dare Cosmetics, Box 442D, G.P.O., Adelaide.**

★ SIX EXOTIC TINTS

No Asthma in 2 Years

Two years ago J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, was in bed with Asthma. Had lost 40 pounds weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and he has had none since—in OVER TWO YEARS. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma . . . Now 3/-, 6/- and 12/-

Does Anything Matter?

Continued from Page 6

IN spite of the war they had continued to dress for dinner. They both had a great number of invitations waiting for them—though not as many as they might have expected in other circumstances. Gerald's friends included a great many men older than himself, all of whom were kept in London on important work.

Sometimes Lucia would find herself the only woman at the dinner table.

"Are you very brave, Mrs. Carstairs?" she was asked on more than one occasion. "Or don't you trust your husband alone in the blackout?"

"Neither," she had answered. "I'm more afraid of the winter winds in the country than of any air-raid."

She knew that she was not believed and that she gained the reputation of being a devoted wife. Only she knew how little her devotion mattered to Gerald at this moment. Every spare moment that he was not working was spent with Daphne Winter.

At first Lucia had refused to believe it, but her friends went to a great deal of trouble to make certain that she knew the truth.

"You ought to do something, darling," she was told, not once but a dozen times.

"And what do you suggest I should do?" she had asked at last, goaded out of her usual reserve.

"Make a scene. Tell Gerald it must be stopped. We all know what Daphne is like—a gold digger from the tips of her fingers to the soles of her feet. Besides, it was rumored very strongly a little while ago that she was in love with Tommy Brownlee. If that's true, she must be after Gerald for his money."

"And where is Tommy now?" Lucia had asked. "Perhaps he would like to interfere."

"Oh, he's in the balloon barrage," she was told. "Somewhere on the East coast. It is no use expecting any help from him."

It was no use expecting any help from anyone. Lucia realised that, yet she hesitated to speak. Her pride, her whole being, cried out against attacking Gerald for his actions, or reproaching him for deserting her. Deeper still than her feelings about herself was her fear that she had in reality lost him; that he did not love her any more.

When they met he was inevitably courteous, considerate and politely interested in what she was doing. Yet she knew that she spoke to a stranger. The husband that she loved, of whom she had been an essential part for so long, was no longer with her.

"When did it start?" she asked herself and knew that while they had been drifting for a long time it was the war which had brought about the final crisis.

How odd Gerald had been that first week; how odd he still was! She had imagined that Silas Blunham's letter would settle everything. But, while she had been elated, Gerald appeared almost as though he resented the relief it afforded them.

"I don't understand!" Lucia said to herself as she reached her own front door. "The tension must be getting on everyone's nerves. First Gerald is strange, then those women this afternoon." Once again she heard Dolly Marston's voice saying: "Lucky Lucia to have your husband coming home to you!"

She put her latchkey in the lock and turned it. A month or so ago she would have rung. Now they were shorthanded, for both footmen had joined up and only the old butler was left to carry on.

In the hall she saw Gerald's hat and coat—knew that he was home. A quick leap of her heart told her how much she wanted to see him. It was no use; whatever his indifference to her, however he might treat her, she knew indisputably that she loved him overwhelmingly, that he was a part of her very being.

She looked into the library and the drawing-room. They were both empty. Slowly she went upstairs.

Her own bedroom was in darkness, but in Gerald's dressing-room beyond she could hear someone moving about. She opened the door quietly, then stood as transfixed. Gerald was packing!

"What are you doing?" Lucia felt the words were hardly above a whisper. They seemed to stick in her throat—to stifle her.

"I didn't know where you were," Gerald said, "or I would have telephoned you. I have got to leave in half an hour."

"In half an hour!" Lucia echoed stupidly. "But why? Where are you going? I don't understand."

A smile seemed to light up his whole face, and with a sudden pain which seemed too agonising to be borne she thought: "He is leaving me at last. He is going away with that woman."

Then he spoke.

"They have accepted me, Lucia. I was so afraid they wouldn't that I didn't dare tell you."

"WHO has accepted you?" she asked. "What do you mean? Tell me!" Her voice was almost hysterical. She felt as though she was battling in a maze; only one thought kept flooding in her mind—Gerald was going away.

She was very near to tears as he walked across the room and put both his arms round her.

"I am sorry, darling," he said. "I oughtn't to have told you like this. I forgot it would be a shock."

"Tell me what?" Lucia cried. "Oh, Gerald! For Heaven's sake explain or I shall go mad."

He picked her up in his arms and carried her into her own room. Gently he sat her on the floor in front of the fire. The flickering light of the flames played on his face as he knelt beside her.

"Listen, sweetheart," he said, "and don't be angry with me. This is going to be hard for you and I know it, but I couldn't go on. I couldn't stay here watching everyone else go away to fight for their country, feeling myself a slacker and a shirker. I got Daphne's uncle to fix it up for me—you know he's a big noise at the War Office. I'm a bit over age, but they've pushed me into a new Anti-Tank unit which has just been formed. I got my papers this afternoon and I'm joining the regiment to-night."

Lucia gave a little gasp.

"My darling," he went on soberly, "we've got to be brave. It means giving up all this. I have written to Silas and told him to find someone else, at any rate until the war is over. We shall be awfully poor, darling—or at least, you will be. Try and understand—I just had to do it."

"Of course you had!" Lucia was crying now and she made no effort to hide her eyes. The tears rolled down her cheeks. She lifted trembling lips to her husband's. "I am so happy," she sobbed ridiculously. "I thought you didn't love me any more."

"Love you!" he shouted, putting his arms round her and holding her so tightly that she could hardly breathe. "I adore you, Lucia. It'll be hard to start again; I'm not denying that. But we have managed before and we will manage now. As long as you love me, what does anything matter?"

His face was the face of the boy whom Lucia had loved and whom she had thought she had lost. There was a spirit of adventure, a note of courage and of joy in his tones. They took her back three years to the dingy lodging-houses, to scanty meals, to making every pound do the work of two. They took her back also to happiness, to excitement, to reality!

She laughed.

"What does anything matter?" she echoed, and hid her face against his neck.

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A SMOOTH coral-pink tablet—so smooth, so mild that it might have been made expressly for sensitive skins. Yet with all the famous Lifebuoy protection that keeps you irreproachably dainty!

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SOME NEW LAUGHS

"How's my portrait getting along?"
"Fine; I'm going to put a tail on it and call it a monkey!"

MAID: I wish I had your figure, madam.
MISTRESS: You think it beautiful?
MAID: No, but then your dresses would fit me better.

"Marry my daughter! Why, my boy, you couldn't manage to dress her for a start."
"Well, I could learn."

MOTORIST: Speeding? Why, I wasn't doing thirty-five miles; not thirty—no, not even twenty-five.
TRAFFIC COP: Steady now, or you'll be backing into something.

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

BRAINWAVES

YOUNG HUSBAND: I cannot get that fur coat, dear. I must have a suit, shoes, overcoat, and underwear for the winter.

Wife: Oh, darling, why not join the army? They'll give you a hat, too!

"HOW'S your wife getting along with her motor driving?"

"She took a turn for the worse yesterday."

"NOW, Johnny, go and wash your face and hands before your auntie comes."

"Aw, Mum. Suppose she doesn't come."

HUSBAND (annoyed): Another new hat! Aren't you playing with our budget?

Wife: Why no, dear, you know we made a liberal allowance for overhead expenses.

FARMER: This cow gives 15 quarts of milk a day.

City Visitor: And this one?

"Oh, only six quarts."

"I see—a beginner."

FLOWER SELLER: Here you are, sir, carnations a penny each. Twelve for a shilling!

Absent - minded Schoolmaster: Correct! Sit down.

"AS soon as the cold weather comes I have to stop playing billiards."

"How's that?"

"Every time the three balls get together they remind me of my overcoat."

QUICKLY BANISH
GREY HAIR
and look 10 years younger
FRENCH HAIR RESTORER
(not a Dye)

A new discovery, now proved successful, which is an inexpensive private home treatment for Grey hair, contains no messy sulphur, no greasy glycerine.

FRENCH HAIR RESTORER
is a clear, water-white lotion. Undetectable in use. Can be permanently waved and gives
SAFE AND LASTING RESULTS

Ladies and Gentlemen
Take this step. Grey hair brands you worrying and old. A Trial bottle forwarded on receipt of 1/6 in stamps. Plainly wrapped.

5/- LARGE ECONOMICAL SIZE 5/-

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FITNESS as usual

Be sure to take your Beecham's Pills and steer clear of sick headaches, liverishness, digestive upsets and that 'down in the dumps' feeling. Beecham's Pills are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Obtainable everywhere. Get some today

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-take Beecham's Pills
"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

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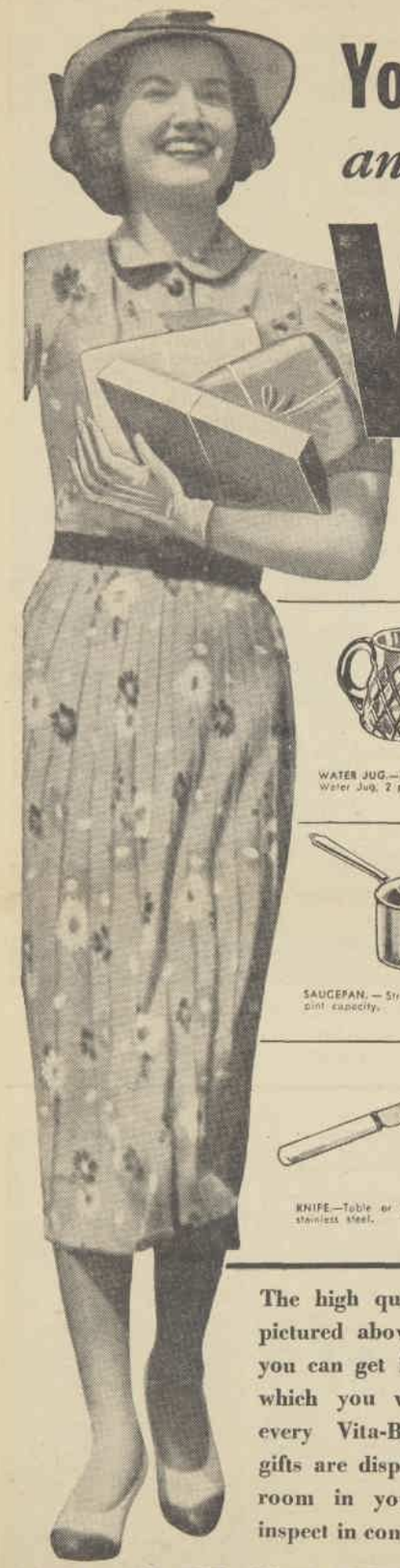
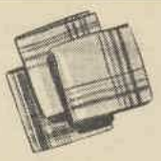


Your best bargain hunt ever—

an afternoon in town choosing your

VITA·BRITS FREE GIFTS

WATER JUG.—Diamond pattern crystal Water Jug, 2 pint capacity.



MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS. — Set of three, fancy borders.

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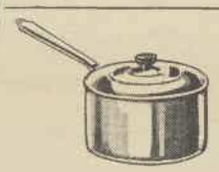

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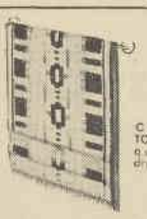

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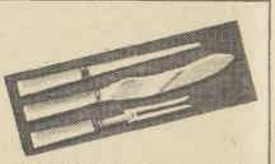

SET OF CARVERS.—Including pair of Sheffield steel carvers and steel.

The high quality and useful articles pictured above are typical of the gifts you can get in exchange for the seals which you will find on the flap of every Vita-Brits packet. All these gifts are displayed at the Gift Showroom in your City where you can inspect in comfort and at your leisure.

Vita Brits offer you a large and varied range of useful and valuable goods from which to select your free gifts. You can get towels and other articles of splendid value for as few as 24 large Seals, so start saving now!

WHERE TO GET YOUR GIFTS

SYDNEY: Vita-Brits Showrooms, 263 Castlereagh Street (opposite Mark Foys), Sydney.
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PERTH: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 361 Murray Street, Perth.
HOBART: Cereal Gift Showrooms, Clebourne House Arcade, 51 Murray Street, Hobart.
LAUNCESTON: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 58 George Street, Launceston.

IF YOU LIVE OUT OF TOWN you can have your gift forwarded to you by sending in the necessary Gift Seals to your local Showroom, together with:—(1) Your name and address; (2) Detail of the Gift you prefer; (3) Necessary postage and package charge.

SAVE SEALS FROM PACKET FLAPS.
Large packets (24 ozs.) carry a large Seal. Small packets (12 ozs.) carry a small Seal. In exchange values for gifts three small seals equal one large seal.

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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

£1 For Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

SELECT LEADERS

ALTHOUGH in their hearts women think homes and children are more interesting and important than politics they are realising that victory for their men and a future for their children will depend upon the votes they cast at the forthcoming war-time Federal elections.

To us women the quality of the men themselves seems just as important as their parties and policies. We want our greatest and best men in power, good, strong, selfless men, who live to serve. Australia deserves them.

That is why we will go very critically to the polls, determined and confident that Australia shall have a Parliament of true statesmen serving under God.

£1 for this letter to M. Gordon, Box 89, Roma, Qld.

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HELP LOCAL TALENT

WHY are Australian audiences so unappreciative of what might be termed "local talent"?

Is it because we are too conservative or too lazy to bother about applauding?

Recently, seeing and hearing an Australian girl sing at one of our leading city theatres, I was thoroughly disgusted at the poor applause this delightful person received.

We should reverse the position, and, if we could not entertain an audience any better ourselves, clap, and clap heartily, especially when we really do enjoy the item.

Encourage our own songsters and song writers.

H. Adams, Regent St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

PROBLEM FOR STAFF

IS it legitimate for maids or office-girls to investigate the contents of the waste-paper basket?

This problem has two angles.

Firstly, for lack of investigation some paper of importance might be inadvertently destroyed; and, secondly, to pry into matters concerning one's employer is despicable.

I consider it advisable to glance through the contents before destroying them, and if in doubt go at once to the owner. Any information thus gained should be considered strictly confidential.

M. I. Jameson, Karachi, Bellerive, Tas.

Married couples who holiday alone

IN some cases it is more advisable for husbands and wives to spend their holidays separately (Mr. E. Burton, 24/8/'40).

Where there are children the wife should take someone to relieve her

Will enjoy separate holidays.

of the responsibility so that she can be free to enjoy a rest.

The husband would be having a holiday, too, away from the noise of the children, and also a change in the way of diet and cooking.

After such a holiday they would both feel benefited.

Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., Nth. Perth.

Rarely liked

A SEPARATE holiday once in a while for husbands and wives is certainly a wise plan.

It helps couples to appreciate each other.

Nevertheless, I think it preferable and much more pleasant to spend them together.

New sights and environment give a needed "break," and are usually more enjoyable when shared with loved ones.

Mrs. Ivy F. Vaudin, Enoggera NW2, Qld.

Will be lonely

AS most married couples have a bond of companionship, separate holidays may not be enjoyed as well as those spent together.

During six years' married life my wife and I have often been forced to take our holidays at different times.

Each time it was the same story—we were both lonely.

J. Findley, 733 Burwood Rd., East Hawthern E3, Vic.

Changes outlook

WHEN two people see each other day after day throughout the whole year, a short holiday spent apart is a tonic for both.

Even the most devoted husbands and wives can get on each other's nerves sometimes.

Miss Bev Newman, 7 Lucas St., Rockhampton, Qld.

Unpaid workers' chance to keep enthusiasm

I AGREE with Gertrude Stockwell (24/8/'40) on the question of honorary workers losing enthusiasm in various organisations.

I have belonged to many clubs and have often noticed that different members have been ignored in the distribution of tasks, and, of course, they feel rather "out of it."

Every member should be allotted a task, and she will then feel she is helping to pull her weight.

Miss G. Carr, 1346 Malvern Rd., Malvern, Vic.

Exercise tact

WHEN several persons take over the duties of honorary officials of an organisation they should know their responsibilities, which are to see that the show is a success.

There are always helpers to be found if the officials go the right way about finding them.

Such honorary positions take tact and understanding to organise all the workers and keep the wheels running smoothly.

As a rule, the jobs are given to those best fitted for them.

Mrs. M. Lister, Binalong St., Young, N.S.W.

Only want lead

THERE is much to be said for Gertrude Stockwell's views about honorary workers.

As honorary secretary to a comforts club for employee servicemen I find that most people are willing to work, and work hard, for a good cause, if only given a lead.

Many are diffident or timid about expressing opinions or offering services, but will do with a will any task allotted to them.

Officials should strive to be tactful, and a little praise and publicity for a job well done will go a long way.

Miss D. E. Irving, 179 Royal Pde., Parkville, Vic.

Anxious to help

NO matter how small a war work job is, most women feel it has a certain glamor about it that is a distinct relief from the ordinary housework routine.

It is really hurt pride, not lack of zest, that makes the honorary worker lose her enthusiasm when she is left out of the allotted tasks.

She is enthusiastic at the start, but rather than be left out in the cold she will resign and go back to the former household tasks.

Mrs. R. K. Salmon, Anzac Highway, Glenelg, S.A.

Should we change notebooks for school slates?

FEW educationists will agree with Joyce Lawlor (24/8/'40) that slates should be substituted for writing-pads in our schools during the war.

Slates are unhygienic. Every

Easily erases mistakes.

teacher knows that they also encourage carelessness. When paper is used the child knows that it cannot rub out, and tries much harder to avoid errors.

Further, after schooldays children must use paper as a medium for written expression, so it is better to accustom them to its use while still at school.

Mrs. Esther Hume, c/o The Economic Store, Bowen Hills N1, Qld.

Unable to keep notes

CERTAINLY we should save paper where it is possible. But why were slates abolished? Because they were not hygienic.

How would children doing examinations keep notes if slates were used? The notebook is far better in every way.

Valerie Seaton, 231 Invermay Rd., Launceston, Tas.

For some students

I AGREE up to a certain point that slates would be a saving in this present shortage of paper, but only for the high-school student.

The infant class would be a problem where hygiene is concerned.

Mrs. M. Voss, 53 Albert St., Corowa, N.S.W.

KEEP PROMISE

MANY a woman who would not think lightly of breaking a promise made to a grown-up person is utterly careless about keeping her word with her children.

She promises whatever is convenient at the moment, and apparently thinks that the keeping of those promises is a matter in which she can please herself, and that her children have no right to consider themselves aggrieved if she does not do so.

The parent who is guilty of this soon loses that confidence which is one of the sweetest things our little ones can give us.

Mrs. D. Coulter, 92 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

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NURSERY RHYMES

WHEN I reproved my son, aged four, for licking his plate, his answer was: "If only dogs do that, what about Jack Spratt?"

It seems that a number of confreres of the famous Mr. Spratt and his wife seem to point odd morals to the child mind.

What is there to commend in the piper's son who stole a pig; Miss Muffet, who was afraid of a spider; Simple Simon, who wanted a free pie; Polly Flinders, who sat in the cinders; or the boy who dropped Pussy in the well, to say nothing of Jack Horner, who put his thumb in his pie?

Mrs. E. M. Aston, 27 Chesterfield Rd., Epping, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

LOSS OF DIGNITY

AN objectionable practice has grown up whereby hospital nurses call patients, both male and female, by their surnames. This results in a definite loss of dignity and is deeply resented by many patients who feel that they are not receiving the respect to which they are entitled.

The omission of "Mr.," "Mrs.," or "Miss" certainly does not save much time.

Surely the modern world has not changed so much that there is no longer time for courtesy.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, S.A.

KEEP HAPPY AND BRIGHT.. Take Eno!

Keep cheerful by keeping fit . . . that's a *duty* nowadays. If you're overworked, eat hurriedly and do not get enough sleep, you are likely to fall an easy victim to indigestion, sick headaches and, consequently, depression.

Guard against this state of affairs by taking Eno's "Fruit Salt" regularly. Through its natural and gentle action, Eno regulates the system, washes away all poisons, and, being alkaline, corrects acidity. Take a sparkling glass of Eno every morning and know *real* health.

2/3 and 3/9 at chemists, stores and canteens.

Take only Eno because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh, purgative mineral salts.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

KEEP YOUR FEET IN GOOD TRIM At Work Or Play With Zam-Buk

LOOK how they are swinging along . . . light of step . . . and with happy, care-free feet. And there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't be the same, for Zam-Buk will give you healthy feet, free from aching, blistering and soreness, in winter and summer alike.

First bathe your feet in warm water every night (and morning, if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, instaps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Use Zam-Buk regularly for healthy feet all the year round.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

"I dreaded putting my shoes on, for the constant foot pain and soreness distressed me so. As my feet got no better I began to despair. Then I read about Zam-Buk and commenced rubbing my feet with this grand ointment every night.

"I got wonderful relief and the corns, bunions and other foot troubles have completely disappeared. Thanks to Zam-Buk I can now walk miles in comfort."

—Mrs. F. E. Ferris.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

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THE LION'S ROAR

I am really *proud* of MICKEY ROONEY. His amazing versatility has again won him applause from the critics. This time, it is for his *fine, sensitive performance* as "YOUNG TOM EDISON", currently showing at the *St. JAMES Theatre*, Sydney, and set for early presentation at the *Metro Theatre*, Melbourne.

* * *

To play with equal facility the irrepressible Andy Hardy, the versatile musician of "BABES IN ARMS" and the exacting part of "YOUNG TOM EDISON" would tax the ability of the most experienced actor. But Mickey takes it all in his stride. No wonder they call him *"the juvenile Spencer Tracy"*.

* * *

Most sincerely, I commend to your attention "STRANGE CARGO". Co-starring CLARK GABLE, direct from his great "Rhett Butler" of "G.W.T.W.", with JOAN CRAWFORD, in a fine, dramatic characterisation, it breaks new ground in screen entertainment. Taken from that widely-read novel, "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" it has a great cast which includes Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas, Peter Lorre and Albert Dekker.

* * *

Likewise, I must bring to your attention EDDIE CANTOR in the story of "40 LITTLE MOTHERS". Here is a picture which *everyone* will enjoy. It is the heart-warming story of a professor who adopts a baby boy, who takes it with him to an exclusive girls' school at which he teaches and who gets into all kinds of trouble as a result. It is a film bubbling over with laughs, with an emotional moment or two to catch at your heart. Eddie is fine in a new type of role, and his little co-star, "Churn" is *definitely the cutest* baby you've ever seen. You cannot help but fall for him.

LEO of M-G-M

PRIVATE VIEWS

● By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer ●

★★ MY LOVE CAME BACK

Olivia de Havilland, Jeffry Lynn. (Warners.)

THOSE who have been pleading for light comedy entertainment in these days of stress will be more than satisfied with this film.

A surprise hit of the year, for there has been little heard about it, "My Love Came Back" is a blithe, lighthearted, romantic comedy.

The inconsequential story concerns a girl student of the violin (Olivia de Havilland) in a New York music academy.

In her amusing role Olivia de Havilland proves herself a first-class comedienne. Her melting beauty adds greatly to the film's appeal. Jeffry Lynn, as the young general manager of a music firm, in love with Olivia, and Charles Winninger, as her wealthy patron, are excellent. Jane Wyman, playing Olivia's girl friend, and Eddie Albert, as the organiser of a band to swing the classics, add some lively comedy.—Century; showing.

★★ THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

Ronald Colman, Muriel Angelus, Walter Huston. (Paramount.)

RONALD COLMAN has been away from the screen for 18 months—far too long a time. His charm, humor, and sincerity in drama are doubly welcome. In "The Light That Failed" he has a role chosen by himself, and one that will be vividly remembered. He plays Kipling's hero, the artist who faces disaster at the height of his career.

For its first half, the film is absorbing entertainment. Its descent into sombre tragedy, while giving Colman full emotional play, makes the effect of the whole depressing.

The people, not the plot, make the entertainment. You will be interested in seeing again another fine actor, Walter Huston, who has been on the New York stage.

Blonde beauty Muriel Angelus makes her film debut in the role of Colman's adored. It is a thankless role, and Muriel cannot be blamed for being overshadowed by the sensational performance of Ida Lupino. As the little Cockney barmaid, who becomes Colman's model, Ida is electrifying. Her work here should qualify her for mention in the Academy Awards.—Prince Edward; showing

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ THE MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH

George Brent, Virginia Bruce. (Warners.)

HERE is an enjoyable gangster melodrama with an unusual plot.

George Brent plays a young district attorney who sends a man to the electric chair, only to learn too late that he was innocent of the murder charge.

In the belief that it is better to let a hundred guilty persons go free rather than convict one innocent man, Brent decides to devote the rest of his life to defending criminals.

There is plenty of action and suspense in this story. Brent gives an impressive performance. Virginia Bruce, as his secretary, is capable; Richard Barthelmess, as the ring-leader of the gang, is convincing.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ THE GHOST GOES HOME

Frank Morgan, Billie Burke. (MGM.)

FRANK MORGAN'S stuttering and Billie Burke's dithering in small, separate doses are fairly acceptable.

But together as the central characters of a film, as in this one, these two players are wearing on the nerves.

The story is an account of the turning of a worm. The worm in this case is Frank Morgan, who plays a no-account man in a country town.

In the romantic lead, Ann Rutherford is adequate. She plays opposite newcomer John Shelton, who gives a pleasant, natural performance. But the only amusing feature of the film is a scene played by Reginald Owen and Donald Meek, who have, however, very small roles.—Capitol; showing.

★ SPY FOR A DAY

Duggie Wakefield, (Paramount British.)

BRIGHT little comedy of wartime, this English film has gangling North Country actor Duggie Wakefield for its hero.

Duggie, a browbeaten farmhand, becomes involved in fantastic adventures with the German High Command in France. The Germans want to shoot him as a decoy and the British want to shoot him as a spy.

His is a dual role: that of the farmhand, and a genuine German espionage man. Duggie makes the contrast both effective and amusing.

Not to be taken seriously, this farce still manages to show the calm acceptance of peril by the average Briton.—Prince Edward; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Gone With the Wind.** Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best-selling novel. Liberty, 19th week.

★★★ **It's a Date.** Deanna Durbin, grand in joyous musical. State 4th week.

★★★ **Young Tom Edison.** Mickey Rooney in delightful biography of young inventor. St. James, 3rd week.

★★ **My Favorite Wife.** Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in hilarious comedy farce. Regent, 4th week.

★ **Anne of Windy Poplars.** Anne Shirley in fair romantic drama. Plaza, 2nd week.

From the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

VIVIEN LEIGH and Laurence Olivier were quietly married last week at the home of a friend in Santa Barbara, California.

Both Vivien and Olivier were divorced earlier this year, Vivien from barrister Herbert Holman; Olivier from the English actress Jill Desmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Olivier, who returned to Hollywood a few weeks ago to co-star in Alexander Korda's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," have rented a house in Beverly Hills.

❖ ❖ ❖

CHARLES LAUGHTON spent weeks perfecting his Italian accent for his role in "They Knew What They Wanted." The nationality of the old immigrant farmer whom Laughton plays has now been changed. So Laughton is busy working up a Portuguese accent.

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GARBO is going social in a big way. She is entertaining the Wenner Grens, who are the wealthiest people in Sweden. They came to America in their own yacht.

When Garbo went to see Gertrude Lawrence's play, "Skylark," her escort was Gaylord Hauser.

❖ ❖ ❖

ELAINE BARRIE BARRYMORE (John's wife) has made slacks her favorite evening apparel, but she is always laden down with costly jewels.

❖ ❖ ❖

HERBERT MARSHALL is playing in "The Letter" for the second time. He is Bette Davis' leading man in the version now being filmed. Marshall also appeared in "The Letter" when it was filmed with Jeanne Eagels. He then had only one scene, playing the role of the man who was shot by Miss Eagels in the first sequence.

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IT was an embarrassing moment for Doug Fairbanks when he discovered that the speech he made at a Paramount convention was the duplicate of one spoken by Fredric March only ten minutes earlier to the same audience.

Both Doug and Freddie made the same quotations, the only difference being that Doug said he was quoting Sir Henry Irving, and Freddie claimed Confucius.

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO. Essential to hair health!

Invitation TO A CARESS

To be provocative is the destiny of lips made soft and lovely with Michel. They are indeed hard to resist. Their smooth touch is exciting. Their fragrance is unforgetable. . . . Michel really performs triple duty. It gives your lips rapturous color—frees and protects them from chapping and parching—keeps them supple despite the passing years. Michel is such a faithful ally, too—for its creamy base and depth of color resist the stress of wind, rain or shine in a wondrous way. . . . Among the seven lovely Michel shades, you'll find one that seems to be made for you alone—Blonde, Brunette, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry. *Price 2/3 each. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.*

Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

Sufferings at Middle Age

HER HEAD WAS ALWAYS ACHING

"Middle-age brought me great suffering," states Mrs. L.A.C., of Leichhardt, N.S.W. "I was ill with pains in my back and legs. My head was always aching and I was so weak and bloodless that my lips and fingers were blue. I became too helpless to sweep a floor.

"At last, I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they quickly restored my health. I now have plenty of blood, and all the backaches, headaches and pains in legs have vanished. I sleep well, and strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for middle-aged people."

The new, rich blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always help to create, fortifies people against the sufferings of middle age. Users say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are wonderfully effective for strengthening and revitalizing the nerves and system throughout. If you are middle-aged, feeling worn-out, tired, worried, and full of aches and pains, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—2/- bottle, at all chemists and stores. The results will surely gratify you.***

CORNS lift out

★ Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of **Frozol-Ice**—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic **Frozol-Ice**—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell **Frozol-Ice** for 1/6.***

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When a girl becomes a STAR!

Ann Sothern has been officially named a star by her studio.

Says CHRISTINE WEBB...

Ann Sothern finds her new position brings privileges

FEW people realise what it means to a player to receive "official star rating" from his or her studio.

Stardom is, nevertheless, a definite position, which brings special privileges, and, don't forget, special responsibilities.

Ann Sothern's experience helps to throw a fascinating light upon what does happen when a girl becomes a star.

As soon as Ann had received official star rating from her studio, MGM, she had to move.

It wasn't a very big move—just from upstairs, in the women's block, to the ground floor. But it was a very significant move—for it took Ann into "Star Row," where the dressing-rooms are suites, with specially decorated boudoirs, and where the service is perfect.

Ann left behind that climb up stairs and round galleries to the "featured players'" quarters.

Ann already knew that her next picture was to be the George Kaufman comedy "Dulcy"—her role that of a fluffy wife to a business man who wanted to impress his boss.

Ann did not know, however, that her star rating would inspire much more elaborate production. The studio's best set-designers, script-writers, and cameramen were put to work. A star gets the top-notch production crew. In brief, "Dulcy" is proving her most expensive film.

I must just note here that "Maisie," which brought Ann back into spectacular popularity, was among the cheapest films the studio has ever made!

Then Ann discovered that she commanded the attention of the best make-up men and hairdressers on the lot. Adrian himself, who designs frocks only for the stars, became at her disposal.

On the other hand, Ann was freed of all those tiresome outside jobs which keep the featured actress and the small part player so busy. Those appearances at all kinds of business functions, atmospheric Easter and Christmas and New Year photographs in fancy dress, those endless beach pictures, and that commercial posing for local manufacturers.

Ann has found, too, that stardom brings more money—and that all-important top-billing. You will read on the screen "Ann Sothern in 'Dulcy'," instead of "'Dulcy' with Ann Sothern."

But Ann has discovered some responsibilities, too. She will be held responsible for the success or failure of her films—that is one penalty of being a star. Again, she faces an enormous increase in her cost of living. A star is expected to give lavishly to charities; she must keep a secretary and a publicity manager, as well as an agent, whose fees automatically go up. On her public appearances she must keep up a certain standard of glamor.

Is it worth it? "Definitely," says Ann.

WILL BE MAISIE AGAIN

ALTHOUGH she has been made a star, Ann Sothern will continue in the "Maisie" series which has proved so popular.

As soon as she completes "Dulcy" she will begin work on "Gold Rush Maisie," third of the series.

The story promises some gay Western adventures.

This time Ann's leading man will be attractive young Lee Bowman, who is now under contract.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4714028

Hollywood screens another best-seller

1 **HENRIETTE** (Bette Davis) becomes governess in home of Duchess of Praslin (Barbara O'Neill).

2 **HENRIETTE'S** affectionate understanding care of his four children inspires grateful friendship of unhappy Duke (Charles Boyer).

3 **TORTURED** by an insane jealousy, the Duchess begins bitter quarrelling with her husband over his interest in Henriette.

4 **WHEN MALICIOUS** gossip forces Henriette to leave Praslin household, the implacable Duchess refuses to give her necessary letters of recommendation.

5 **REDUCED TO STARVATION** in Parisian lodging-house, Henriette, after many months, at last receives the references, but the next day police arrive to arrest her as an accomplice to the murder of the Duchess, found dead in her home at Praslin the night before.

Joan Fontaine

'ACCENTUATE' your Beauty

Joan Fontaine, starring in "Rebecca," uses Max Factor ★ Hollywood cosmetics to enhance her natural beauty, so do 96% of the Motion Picture Stars in Hollywood. You, too, may learn the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick, created for you by the world's foremost make-up genius, MAX FACTOR. Remember—every Max Factor item carries a Purity Guarantee, also the endorsement of Good Housekeeping Magazine. This is your safeguard always.

By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor ★ Hollywood your personal complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart listing correct shades for your individual type.

Sold at all leading Stores and Chemists and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Max Factor, Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia: Fred C. James and Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd., Box 3962V., G.P.O., Sydney.

Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send Max Factor purse-size Rouge Sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor. FREE

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Fair ☐	Grey ☐		Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐		LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE: Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐		Dry ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD: Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
Olive ☐	Light ☐		
	Dark ☐	If hair is Grey, check type above and here ☐	

BETTE and BOYER form new team

"ALL This and Heaven Too," Warner Brothers adaptation of Rachel Field's best-selling novel, begins a brilliant screen partnership between talented Bette Davis and the popular French actor, Charles Boyer, who are the stars of the film.

As soon as Bette has finished her two films, "The Letter" and "Calamity Jane," she will co-star again with Boyer in a version of Peodor Dostoevsky's "The Gamblers."

"All This and Heaven Too" is notable for another reason, too.

Bette broke the rule of a lifetime to attend its premiere at the famous Carthay Circle Theatre in Hollywood.

Until then Bette had shunned such functions because she dislikes publicity.

"All This and Heaven Too" is one of the longest films produced by Warner Brothers. It runs two and a half hours.

Rachel Field took her story from the historical records.

The film deals only with book one of the novel. It ends with the trial of the Duke of Praslin for the murder of his wife because of his love for Henriette Desportes, who had been governess in his home.

This trial, held in Paris in 1848, was a sensation of that day.

Author Rachel Field is a descendant of Henry Field, who became the husband of Henriette.

6 **PITYING** the innocent girl's plight a young American clergyman, Henry Field (Jeffrey Lynn), passing through Paris, visits her in prison to comfort her before her trial.

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Keep the freshness of new Spring Colours

—*give them Persil's careful cleansing*

It's the colour that helps you decide on a new spring frock. It's the colour that takes the eye of the menfolk. When you go to so much trouble choosing it—do be careful to keep those colours true . . . Wash your new spring "finds" with Persil—and wash with an easy mind.

Like fairy hands, Persil's millions of oxygen bubbles gently surge suds through your clothes till every thread and colour is sweet and clean . . . In water that's barely warm. And because Persil is so very thorough, your things *never* need hard rubbing.

You see, you make life easier for yourself as well as saving your colours when you use Persil. You really ought to try it . . .

FOR EVERYTHING YOU WASH

For your gay dirndls, for that lacey woollie, for flimsy silk undies, for anything and everything—Persil gives the best, the safest wash ever. And the whole world knows—Persil washes whiter!

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.20.40WW

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Modern Magic

IN

KAYSER

SILKEN LINGERIE

Your star of destiny is in the ascendant when you discover these Lingerie "lovelies" for Spring! . . . For with subtle witchery, they will bring you by day —by night—a sweeter, fresher, more radiant YOU! Seek for these miracles of value wherever you go—the "open Sesame" is . . . "KAYSER"!

818

Saucy 'Jama by Kayser, featuring softly gathered bodice and lace trimmings. Notice the dainty little ribbon bows! Ask for Style No. 818 at 9'11.

721

Graceful Nightie No. 721. Cool as a sea breeze—sheer as a dream. It's Kayser's new "Triomesie" fabric and just 18'11.

401

501

601

904

2751

604

404

504

(Above at right) Style No. 401, Vest and No. 501 Scantees. The fabric is Kay-Prece and the edging is of val lace. Either garment, 3'11. The matching slip Style No. 601, 6'11.

(Below at right) Blissful freedom for the modern lass. Kayser Vest No. 406 and Scantees No. 506 in Kay-Dream. This delightful little lace-trimmed style is borrowed from Grandma's day. Price each garment, 5'11. Matching Night, 12'11. Slip, 7'11. (Not illustrated).

406

506

THE 'ANGEL' NIGHTIE SET

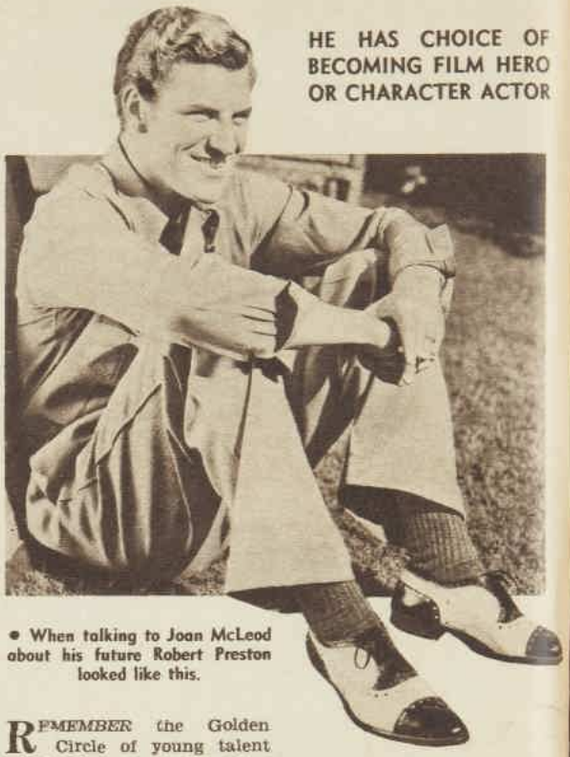
Your favourite, the 'Angel' Nightie, now with a thrilling matching set. Cut with inspired grace to a classical design.

'Angel' Nightdress No. 2751 29'11
'Angel' Matching Vest 404. 7'11
'Angel' Scantees No. 504 - 7'11
'Angel' Slip No. 604 - - 10'11
The Dainty Jacket No. 904 9'11

KL40-1

Bob Preston looks at the future

HE HAS CHOICE OF BECOMING FILM HERO OR CHARACTER ACTOR



• When talking to Joan McLeod about his future Robert Preston looked like this.

From Joan McLeod in Hollywood

REMEMBER the Golden Circle of young talent which Paramount formed a year ago?

There were four young men in that group—John Hartley, Robert Preston, William Henry and Joseph Allen.

Just one of them—Robert Preston—has made the grade to stardom.

I was in the studio on the day that "Kid" Preston—as the town calls him—signed his new contract. I heard the office talking about his coming films—"South of Samoa," with Dorothy Lamour, and "Moon Over Burma," in which he will be co-starred with the feminine Golden Circle winner, Patricia Morison.

As he came striding out of the executive building I seized on Mr. Preston. What did he feel about his present fame?

Mr. Preston, whose extraordinary shoulders bulged under a light grey suit, relaxed on the grass with his back against the verandah.

"I do the best I can, and leave it at that," he said.

"That's what I intend doing—no use worrying—just taking the breaks the way they come."

Bob Preston did not tell me what most other young men would have done—that Cecil B. de Mille had declared that, if he likes to keep on doing his best, he can become as famous as Gable.

He did not repeat famed William Wellman's words . . . that, with both feet on the ground, he may become as good an actor as Spencer Tracy.

Instead, narrowing his eyes against the sun, Bob mused . . . "I still don't know whether I'm going to keep on going or do a terrific flop. All I do know is that it's going to be soon."

He's shrewd, this lad of 21 who looks nearly 30, who has the beautifully controlled physique of a brawny athlete, and a voice that cannot be matched for resonance and fascination.

He knows that this period could be the most dangerous in his Hollywood career.

As soon as a young man arrives suddenly at the top, Hollywood sets out to ruin him—I've seen it happen so often.

He is over-dined, over-wined, over-flattered, and altogether over-estimated. He is likely to wind up where he began, working among the extras, bloated by brief success, soured by a taste of something good too suddenly snatched away.

This fate is not going to overtake "Kid" Preston.

Against the manifold temptations of Hollywood he has the perfect defence—indifference.

He does not want the luxuries of living that come with stardom.

He does not bother to be the bright spark of a party, or even attend parties at all. It is amusing in this connection to note how Bob's strong personal qualities distinguish him in any crowd.

He is not interested in the adulation which to other youngsters appears the real Hollywood prize.

He would not be normal if he did not appreciate his present comfort, which has enabled his youthful-looking mother to give up working in a gramophone-record concern.

But Bob's ambitions are set on one thing—acting itself.

If you think that this is the real goal of every young man in films, you do not know Hollywood.

"I've been sort of crazy about dramatics ever since I can remember," said Bob crisply.

He has too large a hunk of common sense in his make-up to talk about his "art." But he is absolutely sincere about his ambition.

Acting is his job—he studied for it, worked for it, still keeps on learning it.

How he acts depends entirely upon his studio.

That massive masculinity of his, with its touch of diabolical intrigue, can make him a virile romantic hero—or villain of the great flexible calibre of a Brian Donlevy.

To-day, Paramount skilfully compromises by giving Bob mid-way roles. In "South of Samoa," for instance, he plays a derelict who winds up on a desert island, fighting his way to a romantic finish.

To-morrow? That actually depends upon you. Your preference will show whether Bob works as a hero or a character heavy. Only two things are certain at the moment—both you and Bob's studio are confident that he will be on the screen, and at the top, for a long, long time.

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SUB-DEBS ARE GROWING UP FAST

• Jane Withers, formerly a tomboy (left) to-day is a young lady who enjoys romance in her very next picture.

• Virginia Weidler has just succeeded in discarding the pigtails of her top photograph.

•The groomed glamor girl above is Bonita Granville, grown up from mischievous youngster (at right).

THEY are growing up very quickly these days—those Hollywood youngsters who have so long been classed as "child prodigies."

Jane Withers is 14 now, and a business woman in her own right. Bonita Granville, just 17, is portraying a middle-aged woman in a film. Virginia Weidler is 13—can you believe it?—and talking about discarding those pigtails for ever.

Jane, indeed, has shot up so fast in the last few months that her studio had to shelve several stories planned for her. It isn't that familiar tomboy, but a tall, slim girl with great promise of good looks, who will appear shortly in "The Girl From Avenue A."

Here Jane enjoys a real romance, too — with 20-year-old actor Rand Brooks.

In private life Jane has taken on new responsibilities. Her wise mother is training her to handle her own business affairs. Jane's fourteenth birthday gifts included a cheque for £250, with instructions to invest this money in a business of her own choice.

Jane promptly opened a hot-dog and soft drink stand on the main highway in the San Fernando Valley. She put her business partner, 17-year-old player Johnny Pirrone, in charge of the stand. She herself keeps a strict eye on her capital—for she is self-appointed bookkeeper.

It is astonishing to realise that Virginia Weidler, who has taken very babyish or naive roles, will celebrate her fourteenth birthday before long. At the moment, however, Virginia is rejoicing over her most important assignment from her employers — the role of Katharine Hepburn's youngest sister in "Philadelphia Story."

Virginia has suddenly become conscious of her personal appearance. She is restive about those pigtails, about always posing in dungarees or gingham frocks. She has openly confessed her yearning for a permanent wave.

Unfortunately for Virginia's new feminine tastes, she is too brisk and clever a young character actress to be given those pretty sub-deb roles.

It is Bonita Granville, three and a half years Virginia's elder, who has successfully and startlingly become a glamor girl.

With that fluffy blonde hair piled into sculptured curls, and a variety of sophisticated evening gowns, Bonita goes dancing as often and as long as the night-club bands play.

She enjoys a freedom which her senior, Deanna Durbin, has only just been permitted—and she is amazingly attractive, too. Men from the great cities, such as millionaire "Dodo" Sinclair, appreciate Bonita's unusually mature, definitely intelligent wit.

It is Bonita's cleverness which explains her recent amazing achievement—that of appearing as a grey-haired woman with a son of 18 in Paramount's "Those Were the Days."

The same picture, in its major scenes, presents Bonita as a girl who becomes engaged, and called for her to be kissed for the first time on the screen.

From Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

When the time came for this romantic experience, Bonita was the least-perturbed person present. After the kiss—from William Holden, by the way—Bonita was asked her sensations. "I didn't notice," said Bonita flatly, "my shoe was pinching me."

William Holden declared it was very disheartening to be disregarded so bluntly.

Bonita has, however, that practical attitude towards her work which comes of a theatrical background. Her father was an English comedian on Broadway, her mother a dancer. Bonita's childhood was spent backstage.

But still this does not stop our constant comment: "How quickly they have changed."

It seems only yesterday that Bonita was a little muslin-frocked child, dancing through the London slums as the Fanny of "Cavalcade."

For that matter, it is not so long ago that Jane Withers was a roly-poly brat pinching Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes."

These three girls, Virginia, Bonita and Jane, have one interesting quality in common. They have never been "typed" like other child actresses — they can go on working comfortably into any manner of grown-up role.

Prophecies about the future status of Jane and Virginia as grown-up actresses are dangerous but fascinating to make.

I was talking on this theme last week to a production head of a big studio. "It's a long shot," he declared, "but if Jane is not Hollywood's Rosalind Russell and Virginia our Bette Davis in 1955 I'll eat my hat."

I'm holding him to it!

The Face Powder you asked for*

YOU SAID

Give us the softest, finest texture possible.

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Make your Powder really cling for hours and hours.

•

Keep that Glareproof idea — to flatter skin in bright sunshine or under electric light.

•

Give us a wide choice of skin tones.

★ Pond's new improved Face Powder gives you not one, but *all* of the four important qualities which thousands of Australian women said they wanted in their face powder. Pond's new improved face powder is actually the face powder you asked for. The face powder made to your own personal requests! Try it to-day. 6 smart shades. Price 1/6½d. and 2/6½d. (including Sales Tax) at all chemists and stores.

POND'S NEW IMPROVED POWDER . . . *made to your own special requests!*

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PORTFOLIO of FASHION and Beauty

WHEN COLOR . . . . . *takes the stage*

• Cool, white crepe, scattered with dramatic clumps of blossom for a simple, square-necked frock that achieves formality with the addition of a matching shawl. (Left.)

• A joyously young frock of white linen striped with candy-pink. The wide shoulder folds are caught into a white, shaped corselette waistband to match up with the hem-line of the whirling skirt. (Below.)

• Tie silk finely checked in royal-blue and white. Notice the Victorian sleeves—long and puffed—and the softly gathered bodice caught at the waist with a wide, blue cummerbund. And not until you dance does the skirt spread to reveal its magic fullness.

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THE COVERED-UP TREND . . . . *for Spring nights*

• A slinky, pocketed skirt of bright blue linen, worn with an equally form-fitting blouse of white linen, and perked up with a jaunty plaid bolero. (Right.)

• Daffodil-yellow crepe for a tailored, shirtwaist blouse to top a pinky-violet crepe skirt with a wide, pleated flounce. (Below.)

• A story-book gown of pink-spotted muslin. The three-quarter-length sleeves are edged with white frills, banded with rick-rack braid to match the neckline. The skirt hangs in full folds and is caught at the waist with a shaped cummerbund.

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New School of Shoes

Sent from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE. Sketched by PETROV

● (1) Perugia, famous designer, has brought out a new school of shoes . . . designed to show the natural arch of the foot. This one is made of thongs of gold kid.

● (2) A faintly Oriental sandal in shimmering, mandarin-red satin.

● (3) A superbly flattering evening style with toe and wide ankle-strap made of narrow ruffles of gilded kid.

● (4) Classically simple sandal built on the same sensational lines, and interpreted in a brilliant blue-green satin.

● (5) Fetching ally for trim tailleurs—an impeccable Oxford designed in mahogany suede, with quaint, cut-out sides.

● (6) The suspension principle applied to a giddy beach shoe in Bianchini stripes.

● (7) Instead of beach sandals, Perugia suggests this crocheted string boot in sand-and-sea coloring, with wedge heel.

● (8) Delicate black suede court shoe with hand-carved wedge heel in natural wood.

● (9) Brown suede, square-toed and striped with yellow stitching on a sturdy rubber sole.

● (10) Casual shoe in tan crocodile with specially moulded sole stitched to the upper.

● (11) Red-and-white sandal with wooden sole and upturned toe.

● (12) Backless blue linen shoe with plain front and patterned wedge heel.

● *Her chic little bonnet of smart silken braid wears a striking veil, a red, red rose.*

A New Spring Bonnet can Halt a man but a Winning Smile can Hold him!

Your smile is yours alone . . . far too precious to risk!

Help guard it with Ipana and Gum Massage!

THE EYE-CATCHING smartness of a new bonnet—how quickly it captures a man's glance! But once his attention is halted, it takes a bright and winning smile to hold him.

For no girl can make a lasting impression with a dull and dingy smile. Don't let yourself in for this tragic mistake. Never neglect your teeth and gums. Never dismiss lightly that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist at once! Let him decide. He may say your gums have grown tender from lack of exercise. The fault frequently lies with our modern soft foods. His verdict is likely to be "more work for those weakened gums"—and "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth, but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana on to your gums. Feel that delightful tang as circulation awakens in the gums — stimulates them — helps make gums firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana to-day. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile you can be proud of! Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

Regular size, 1/- . . . Super Size, 2/-

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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SALUTE TO SPRING . . .

The new season's hats . . . tip-tilted or upturned . . . brims wide and shady . . . or no brim at all . . . but every style designed for flattery.

• Milgrim's tiny sailor in crisp, burnished-wheat straw freighted with flowers and wreathed with veiling.

• Grey organdie picture hat with three-tiered crown, and yellow flowers under the brim. (Right.)

• "South of the Border" influence for an exotic spring hat in shining black milan garnished with fragile, black horsehair lace.

• Enchantment for starry eyes and young faces—the halo bonnet in black, summer-weight felt, with scalloped brim and shallow crown embroidered with field flowers. (Above.)

• Team this hat with a white shark-skin suit. The wide brim is made of coarse navy straw, and the high, conical crown of red felt.

• "Coconut" is the apt name of this quaint model for spectator sports. The wide, straight brim and high crown reflect Mexican influence. It is made in brown novelty fabric, fringed all over and trimmed with pale blue cord.

A LEVER PRODUCT
5.488.27a.

• Gleaming white basket-weave straw cunningly pleated into a fetching Dolly Varden model, and topped with a huge white gardenia with green leaves.

W. P. Apter

STYLED BY NEW YORK

From America's most famous styling salon — thronged by New York "cafe society"—William Philip Apter brings this crazy, coquettish, yet wholly intriguing arrangement. His Kosan Beauty Salon now numbers Sydney's socialites, stage and concert celebrities.

"Cockaigne represents a 'military influence' styling I picked up, passing through Hollywood," says Mr. Apter. *"I have dressed it to demonstrate the remarkable wave-holding properties of VELMOL, the use of which retains essential softness and sparkle."*

Its secret is "DAMP-SET"

Leading hair stylists agree that Velmol *damp-setting* is the modern, easy method of managing modern, difficult coiffures! . . . . Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. So simple . . . and takes but four minutes! Velmol sets waves—and **holds** them—soft, glossy.

Velmol makes your expert salon set last longer; enables you to fix disarranged "hair-do" back into place after sport, slumber . . . or to *damp-set* your own hair after shampooing.

Save on time, temper and money! Whatever your hair-style—elaborate or simple, keep it smartly *damp-set* with **Velmol**. Get a 2/- bottle today, from your Chemist or Toilet Counter. . . . Ask for **VELMOL**.

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair.)

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SHE RAN AWAY FROM Romance!

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

6P. MEDIUM SIZE
LARGE 1/3 SIZE
GIANT 2/- SIZE
twice as much as 1/3 SIZE

Listen in every Wednesday Night at 8.30 to "THE YOUTH SHOW," on Stations 2GB, 2CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2WL, 2LM, 3AW, 3HA, 3SH, 3TR, 3SR, 5DN, 5RM, 6PR, 6TZ, 7BU, 7HO, 7QT, 7DY, 4BH, 4RO, 4GR, 4AY (8.45).

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BEAUTY FOR 'TEENERS . . . .

IF you are sixteen to nineteen, be on your toes. You'll need to be to carry off the honors in beauty this spring and summer. Establish a good grooming routine to play up your natural freshness and accent your youth.

By JANETTE

THE "LITTLE GIRL" fashions this season are ideal for the girl in her teens. She should start on a beauty routine to enable her to take full advantage of her youth.

LEFT. If you are still in the teens, then avoid make-up. For special occasions you can obliterate shine on nose and forehead with a light dusting of good powder, using a swansdown puff as demonstrated here by Barbara Read, RKO star.

RIGHT: Start a good grooming routine early in life and learn to be fastidious about your nails. Brenda Marshall, Warner Bros., starts the care of her nails by soaking in warm soapsuds and brushing with a slightly stiff nailbrush.

THE new season's clothes are feminine and young, tiny waists and full swinging skirts giving a "little girl" air and a certain fragile look to the wearers of these styles.

It's just a swing of the pendulum—those who wear uniform while engaged in their particular effort don't believe in looking boyish and workmanlike all the time. Just a case of the busy bee turning into a butterfly when the occasion demands . . .

This means that women in the twenties and thirties who follow the vogue for young styles this year will manage to acquire a charming "little girl" air.

You are challenged. So accept it. Be just as attractively groomed in your authentic little frocks and your jumpers and skirts as are the older women whose new clothes are inspired by yours.

Maybe you have not been thinking much about being as attractive as you can be. If that's so, think about it now.

Accept these good-looks tips. Then try mending your good-grooming ways.

It's a paying investment to adopt a simple beauty routine. If you begin in the early teens to clarify your skin and to change your hair from stringiness to comeliness, you'll not have to try to turn beautiful overnight—say, for your first important party.

A little care of your looks every day in the first teens does a thousand times more good than a facial a day when *you're twenty.*

Here's a simple five-point plan based on routine now followed in several outstanding finishing schools for girls.

Point one stresses personal equipment. Be firm about having your own toilet soap, washcloths, towels and bathbrush. They should be as sacred to you as your toothbrushes.

Perhaps your small brother is given to using the first washcloth and towel at hand. Very well, keep yours in your room.

As for hand lotion, share the family's (mother's or elder sister's) until your allowance allows you to buy your own.

If your face is inclined to oiliness or blackheads, have your own complexion brush and use it daily in conjunction with a good skin soap.

Point two is to be clean all over every day. Take a warm soapy tub, shower or sponge bath night or morning.

Use your well-lathered bathbrush vigorously from neck to bottoms of feet. Scrub until you have removed both visible and invisible soil.

It's the rare girl who cannot use a good toilet soap upon her face.

Try one of those easy-to-lather complexion soaps—but upon your dampened face. Make a lather with your hands or upon washcloth or complexion brush.

Lather, wash, rinse in warm water; lather, wash, then rinse in cold water.

Shampoo often

POINT three has to do with hair care. Shampoo it every ten days with a prepared shampoo or with a jelly made of olive oil toilet soap.

Never use a cake of soap on the hair. It is too hard to remove and it ruins gloss.

Rinse finally until the hair "creaks."

Brush your hair one hundred strokes daily, up and out, away from the hair line.

Point four: Hand care. Use hand creams or lotion after each handwashing. Make it a habit.

Keep nails well filed, immaculate. Use very pale nail polish. Have a professional manicure once or twice monthly if your allowance permits.

Point five: Make-up. Prevent a shiny nose, chin or forehead with a light dusting of good face powder.

Lip color? A pale pink lipstick, the pomade type, keeps lips from chapping and subtly tinted.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4714038

Do you realise what this label guarantees you?

CAN'T SHRINK

CAN'T STRETCH

CAN'T FADE

EASY TO WASH

EASIER TO DRY

EASIEST TO IRON

It guarantees that you can wash this lovely rayon crepe frock as easily as you wash your undies

It's mighty good to know you can get the loveliest of rayon crepes that you can wash as nonchalantly as you wash cottons. And what's more, that you can whisk through Lux suds as *easily* as your undies or stockings. No more fading patterns. No more shrinking bodices. No more sagging hemlines. The Grafton Anti-Shrink label is your guarantee against all washing worries! Grafton Anti-Shrink takes to water like a duck—washing actually improves the silkiness of the texture and the richness of all its pastel and more brilliant colours!

It guarantees that you can wash this frock to-night and wear it to the office to-morrow morning

Grafton Anti-Shrink dries three times as fast as ordinary rayons. It doesn't even need ironing, except for seams or special trimmings. And you can press it over as easily as a hankie. (N.B. Because you can wash Grafton Anti-Shrink so easily, underarm perspiration doesn't have a chance to harm the fabric either.)

Unconditional Guarantee

Buy Grafton Anti-Shrink fabrics by the yard or in frocks at any store, and you get an unconditional guarantee of replacement, if they should shrink by the width of a thread when washed according to the easy Lux instructions. Be sure to look for the label "Grafton Anti-Shrink" along every yard of the selvedge when you buy by the yard—or for the special ticket and "Grafton Anti-Shrink" tab on ready-to-wear frocks.

Don't miss the marvellous new range of Grafton Anti-Shrink styles at all smart stores—up to the minute patterns and the freshest, loveliest plain pastel shades. If unable to purchase locally, write direct to Cepea Fabrics Ltd., Box 624 FF, G.P.O., Sydney.

Grafton

ANTI-SHRINK

PATENTED IN AUSTRALIA

WASHABLE RAYON CREPES FROM ENGLAND

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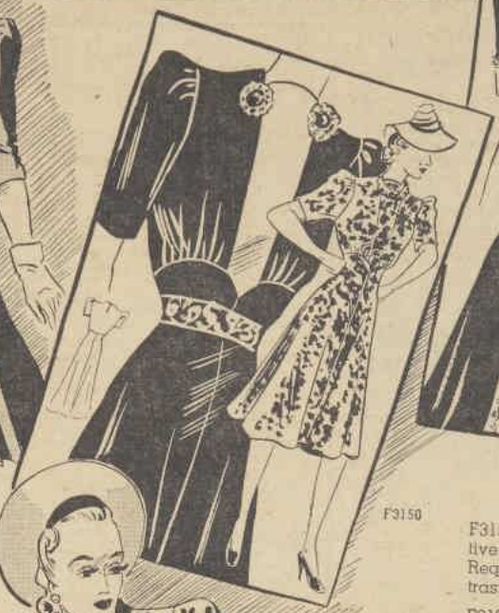
Fashion PATTERNS

F3144

F3173



F3150

F3153

F2008

F3123

F2009

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F3144. — Button-up frock for spectator sports. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3173.—Attractive yet simple style for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 4⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F3150. — Effective style for plain or floral material. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3⅞yds., 36ins. wide, and ¼yd. contrast if required. Pattern, 1/6.

F2008. — Swing-skirted frock with quaint pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide, and ⅛yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F3153.—Front-opening frock, which looks effective with a contrast panel. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3yds., 36ins. wide, and 1⅞yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/6.

F3123.—Dainty smock suit for young things, 1 to 4 years. Requires: 2yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/-.

F2009.—Smart slack suit with bloused jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2⅞yds., 36ins. wide, for jacket, and 2⅞yds., 36ins. wide, for slacks. Pattern, 1/6.

1 2 3

Special Concession Pattern

SMART trio for active sports. Sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch busts.

No. 1.—Requires 2yds. for blouse and 1⅞yds. for shorts, 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires 2yds. for blouse and 2⅞yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires 1⅞yds. for blouse and 1⅞yds. for shorts, 36ins. wide.

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Available for one month from date of issue. 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

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Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
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Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

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TOWN .....

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Pattern Coupon, 14.9.'40.

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GIVE YOUR HAIR
the fragrance of Amami
. . . IT LINGERS

★ There is no greater luxury for your hair than a *regular* shampoo with Amami. Millions of lovely girls have proved this during the last 20 years. After the luxury of an Amami Shampoo your hair will sparkle with health and beauty, it will have a captivating, lingering fragrance—and be very easy to set. Brunettes: Amami No. 1. Blondes: Amami No. 5.

Friday night is AMAMI night

AMAMI LUXURY SHAMPOOS
Obtainable everywhere.

for 'Polished Loveliness' Use Amami Brilliantine. Then every hair on your head will be sleek and 'polished'.
AMAMI Brilliantine ★

Drawn Blinds

Continued from Page 3

THOMSETT leaned forward solemnly. "I've a definite idea. In three cases either a husband or wife has gone down with what was supposed to be ptomaine poisoning. Understandable. Food taints quickly in a hot climate. But I can't help remembering that the Brazilian Indians know a deuce of a lot about weird poisons, and it's possible for civilised people to get hold of them. Look at this." From an inner pocket he produced a glass phial two-thirds filled with some fawnish powder.

"I'm not trying to be dramatic. I've a strong suspicion that some of our clients have been using this stuff. I'm going to send it to a pal of mine who's in the toxicology line. I want him to find out all about it, so that in the next ptomaine poisoning case out there——"

"Good lor'!" This from Harry. "What d'you call the stuff?"

"It's got a long native name. As far as I can gather it's practically tasteless, and about half a teaspoonful of it is fatal in five or six hours. Produces symptoms akin to ptomaine."

Thomsett passed the phial over, and Harry examined it in an awed fashion. It was then that instinct prompted Bruce to act swiftly. When Harry passed it on to him, he made some remark and pointed to distract the attention of Harry and Thomsett, while his fingers whisked out the cork and tilted a little of the stuff into an old envelope in his pocket.

The thing was done in a few seconds. At the time, since definite reason was missing, he had felt rather appalled at himself.

Now—

His supple hands slid up and drew out his note-case. Gently he extracted an old envelope and stared at the powder inside.

This was a good business. Harry's house, Meadowside, Dorset Road, was modern, well-built, dignified, and spacious. If and when Harry died his widow would be left most comfortably off.

Bruce picked up a pinch of the powder and let it trickle between his fingers.

That invitation for to-morrow night must have been preordained.

. . . . . .

As the collector took Bruce's ticket at the exit, Muriel's voice said: "Hullo."

"Delightful of you to fetch me. Where's Harry? In the car?"

"No, he didn't feel up to it."

"Pity," said Bruce.

"Yes," said Muriel, trying to sound casual. The simple fact of a five-minutes' drive with him back to the house filled her with a jostling excitement.

He considered her almost gravely. She was simply and demurely clad in her favorite color, blue. He confined his approval to the dumb and courteous appreciation in his eyes.

"Jump in," she said, and her heart was singing.

During the ride theirs was ordinary small-talk. To Muriel the words did not matter. His nearness, the accidental brushing of his wrist against hers recaptured for her the nameless exhilaration of the teens. She tried to argue with herself that she wasn't in love with him, but mere dictates of the brain had no place in those minutes.

They reached the house with its wide and perfectly kept front garden. A trim maid opened the door. As they entered the hall Harry came limping towards them, leaning on a stick. Bruce eyed Muriel covertly, as for a moment her guard was down, wistful anxiety obvious in her face, watching him approach.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo, so here you are," Harry greeted them. "Glad to see you. Fit?"

"Yes, thanks," said Bruce.

"More than I can say for myself. Still, we grin and bear it—don't we, m'dear?"

Muriel smiled, and patted her husband's shoulder, and winced under a shamed sense of hypocrisy. Compared with the graceful, inviting sleekness of Bruce, Harry was so dowdy. He had grown heavy around the waist, and a big bald patch marked the top of his head. And why, oh, why did he always say the obvious?

THEY went into the lounge, a symphony of grey, silver, and lilac. In one corner stood a cocktail cabinet of some beautifully grained wood and chromium. Harry limped up to it.

"I'll mix you one of my specials. Confound it! Where's the orange bitters?"

"You said you were ordering some more," Muriel reminded him.

"Couldn't you have jogged my memory? Am I a housekeeper? How can I make the beastly thing without orange bitters?" Then he grunted, clapped a hand to his leg, and sat down. "This vile weather. You'll have to have something else, Bruce."

"Please don't bother about me. I like a plain sherry as much as anything."

"Ah, wait a minute." Sitting there, Harry took various bottles from the cabinet, concocted a mixture, and poured it into three glasses.

"Here's to ourselves. May rheumatism perish."

"Cheers," said Bruce.

They sipped their drinks. Bruce, with his right hand in his pocket, leaned forward carelessly and glanced into the conservatory adjoining the lounge.

"That's an unusual creeper," he said.

Harry and Muriel turned. "That?" said Harry. "Yes. I can tell you an interesting yarn about it."

Bruce's hand slid from his pocket. Without a flicker of excitement he dropped a pinch of powder into Harry's glass and gave it a gentle shake. It was done quickly and silently, and when his host and hostess turned back to him he was smiling with mild interest in Harry's story. True, a bead of moisture showed on his forehead, but the room was hot. Harry always kept the house rather overheated.

Please turn to Page 36

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, September 11.—Patricia Morison. The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party. Brian Lawrence.

THURSDAY, September 12.—June Marsden. Astrology Talk for Children.

FRIDAY, September 13.—Patricia Morison. Musical Mix-up.

SATURDAY, September 14.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, September 15.—June Marsden, Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. World events. Special: Reviewing Amazing Prophecies.

MONDAY, September 16.—Patricia Morison. Stories Behind the Ballets . . . "Prince Igor."

TUESDAY, September 17.—Wide Range Recordings.

New Freedom
Without a SANITARY TOWEL!

NO BELTS • NO PADS • NO PINS

What a blessing that sanitary protection is now worn INTERNALLY! Women can now lead a normal, active life every day of the month! Tampax is a doctor's invention, adopted from the medical tampon used in medical and hospital practice. It is made of surgical cotton-wool—compact, absorbent, and extremely easy to use . . . hygienically sealed in patent applicator.

Safe . . . convenient . . . dainty . . . Tampax ends all discomfort, odour and embarrassment. It is completely and invisibly protective. You are unconscious of its presence. Even during the most strenuous exercise, Tampax cannot become dislodged. Yet it is easily removed.

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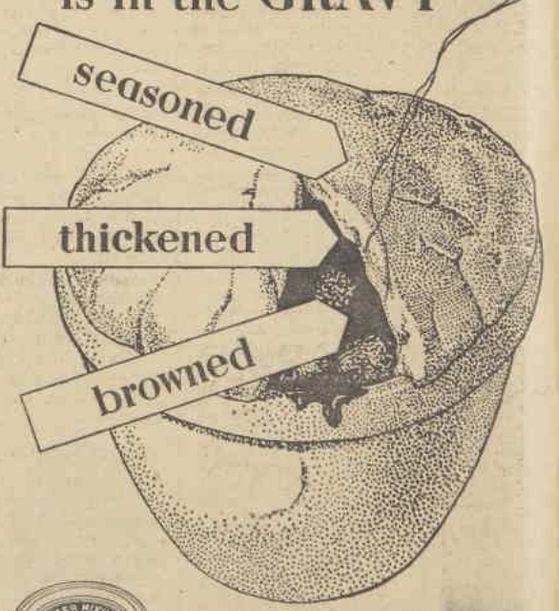
For lovely hair. FREE OFFER 3d. packet of famous Camilatone Tonrinx sent Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at once. Applying night and morning as directed they will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins and bunches are reduced to normal. The leading chemists sell lots.***

The proof of the pudding is in the GRAVY



with BISTO
the gravy maker for all meat dishes

In 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. packets and ½ lb. and 1 lb. tins.

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Jottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight

• COCKTAILS for two . . . Bonnie Longworth, attractive in pale pink, and John Wilson drink a toast at King-Longworth wedding reception. Pickwick Club.

• SMILE from V.A. Betty Godsall while she waits for patrons at exhibition of racing pictures and trophies at David Jones', Market Street . . . Proceeds for Red Cross.

• HEATHER FERGUSON tries out the effect of her new spring chapeau—a mass of crisp white daisies.

• MILLIONAIRE Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney drops in by air from America . . . photographed at welcome party given by Commonwealth Government at Australia.

Millionaire visitor . . .

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT WHITNEY and I discover we have two mutual friends—the Bob Skenes. "Bob and Betty are great friends of mine. Spent a month last year with me at my mountain camp. Played polo with Bob on Long Island," says Cornelius.

This suntanned, blue-eyed American millionaire drops in on Sydney by flying boat for a day or two, causing more than slight flutter of excitement among young socialites till they discover he's married—and happily.

Me, I'm all for this goodwill business between America and Australia. It's brought two Clipper loads of interesting men to Sydney within a fortnight.

One landing ground en route is Canton Island—on the equator—devoid of vegetation and population until Mr. Whitney built a palatial hotel there.

It's a habit . . .

BUILDING hotels seems to be a habit with Americans. One other Clipper traveller, Stephen Royce, of Los Angeles, has several. Shows me picture of Pasadena's Huntington—"a small one with 500 suites."

Mr. Royce tells me that they had a grand time in Auckland. "Met lots of people with titles."

All went well until one introduced himself as "The Town Clerk" . . . which to an American sounded like "The Town Clock."

Not to be outdone by someone who apparently considered himself the local wit, the American asked "Did you wind yourself up this morning."

Did you know? . . .

PRETTY Meg Fowler Smith and new fiance, Frank Aria, have jobs with same petrol company. No date yet for wedding.

Mrs. Roy Chisholm has 9 till 5.45 job in model frock department of city store.

Sydney young-marrieds living in Queensland . . . Mrs. Tim Osborne and Mrs. Bruce Rylance . . . have signed on for duty at new Red Cross cafe in Queen Street, Brisbane.

Door money at Model City Exhibition, David Jones', is averaging £20 daily.

Another war wedding . .

HEAR that Joyce Robertson and Corporal Bob Osborne plan to marry soon, so I ring Joyce to ask the date. But she's extremely vague about everything. Tells me it all depends on Bob's leave from Ingleburn camp. May take place this Saturday.

This she does know . . . church is St. Mark's, it's an afternoon ceremony, no white satin and tulle, Mrs. George Scarvell is matron of honor.

Joyce hoped that her mother, Mrs. Ida Robertson, would come from Wellington, New Zealand, for ceremony . . . but with raiders in the Tasman Mrs. R. decides to stay at home.

Bob is one of the large Osborne clan . . . son of Mrs. R. T. Osborne, of Double Bay, formerly of Foxlowe, Bungendore.

Don't miss out . . .

THEY'RE going like wildfire . . . Red Cross Art Union tickets. Looks as if committee will have no trouble selling half a million. At one shilling each, work it out for yourself . . . £25,000 is my guess, and a nice round sum it sounds for the Red Cross.

Lady Wakehurst, Sir Sam Hordern, and Joe Matthews were first purchasers of books of tickets to sell.

Menuhin meanderings . .

SUCH devotion . . . Hear from Melbourne that after arrival of his son and heir Yehudi Menuhin takes up residence at Mercy Hospital to be near his wife. Other patients vote it a grand idea when glorious music drifts down corridors as Yehudi strolls about in red velvet smoking jacket playing his Strad.

The Menuhins certainly give conservative Victoria something to chatter about . . . I'm told that Western District residents are still recovering from Hephzibah and Lindsay Nicholas pulling down famous old bluestone mansion on Derrinallum, building streamlined modern house, and using bluestone to build swaggies' huts on property . . . no swaggie is turned away from Derrinallum, but they can stay only two days.

It seems they haunt nearby properties until time to come back again to bluestone huts with all mod. cons.

Next week Yehudi and sister Hephzibah will give musical Sydney a treat with two recitals.

Elizabeth arrives . . .

DAME ENID LYONS' first grandchild is causing great excitement in several States. Mrs. H. T. Glover, of Mosman, Dame Enid's sister, tells me she was thrilled to receive telegram, "Elizabeth Lacey arrived."

The all-important Elizabeth is daughter of 21-year-old Sheila and Bill Lacey. She is also the first grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Lacey, of Melbourne, formerly of Woollahra.

Grocery surprise . . .

FIRST glimpse of Beryl Osborne driving grocer's delivery van round her home district—Rose Bay—is rather staggering to friends until they remember it's wartime.

It is part of her duties as National Emergency Transporter. No novelty to Beryl taking control of large vehicles, as she drove London ambulance before returning to Sydney.

Incidentally . . . delivering the groceries is not part of job.

Heard around town . . .

COLLEEN BENNET is living with her mother, Mrs. Harry Ervin, at 52 Macleay Street.

Robin Curtis-Jim Gordon wedding expected to take place shortly.

And seen . . .

RUTH WILSON marching in front row of Women's Emergency Signallers at War Rally in Martin Place.

Mrs. A. A. Brackpool at "It's a Girl" wearing lovely hand-woven cream French brocade gown . . . material brought from France by her grandmother 30 years ago.

• CIGARETTE for Mr. L. Moss . . . Mrs. Randolph Kidder obliges at cocktail party at Australia to welcome American visitors.

• SMART PUNTERS Mrs. H. D. O'Connell and Mrs. Bill Harvey warmly clad for early spring days . . . at Randwick.

• DUTCH community makes merry at Ice Palais, so Consul-General's wife, Mrs. Elink Schuurman, puts on her skates.

• TEA TIME at fashion parade in aid of 2/1st Pioneer Comforts Fund, Trocadero . . . Melbourne visitor Joyce Cameron and Mrs. Bruce Cameron, of Canberra.

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Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing*. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Drawn Blinds

Continued from Page 34

FOR dinner they had soup, sole, ptarmigan, and an attractive sweet. Harry discussed the weather and how it affected his complaint. In long detail he described his symptoms as if he were expounding the most fascinating subject in the world. Muriel, who had heard it all a thousand times before, kept a mask over her impatient boredom. She wanted to shut her eyes, because the comparison between the two men was so merciless. It was like sitting between an irritable old woman and a clean-limbed, adventurous boy.

"Mind you," Harry was saying, "there's a chance for me yet. The doctors tell me if I live permanently in South Africa I may shake the whole thing off. Got to collect some more capital first, though. Needs a big sum to live on investments."

"Quite," said Bruce. His inner mind was murmuring: "In five or six hours——"

"So you two must make piles of money for me," went on Harry, ponderously jocular. "Lucky I've got a wife with a business head, eh? Beauty and efficiency don't often go together."

"Harry," said Muriel, "don't be an ass."

He chuckled. "Don't be shy of compliments, m'dear. If it comes to that, the same remark applies to Bruce here. I'll have to keep an eye on the pair of you, or you'll be falling in love with each other."

For the life of her Muriel could not pretend to laugh. A pallor drained down through her skin, and under the table her hands were taut. For a second she had a feeling that he was looking queerly at Bruce, and immediately dismissed the idea as her own guilty fancy. Nothing could have been more untroubled than Bruce's gently smiling eyes.

After dinner they chatted and played cards. The bags under Harry's eyes were growing more accentuated. He looked so worn, she had a fit of compassion for him. It must be dreadful to drop into physical old age at his time of life, ceasing to care for all the things that really mattered.

Bruce glanced at his watch and said: "If you'll forgive me, I ought to be going. I'd like to catch the 10.39."

"It's early yet," said Harry, though his voice had a tinge of relief. "Still if you must—you'll run him to the station, Mu?"

"That's all right, thanks," said Bruce. "I can walk."

"Nonsense! What's a car for?"

Harry hobbled as far as the front door and shook hands. Muriel started the car. The night had a velvety smoothness, a rich, yearning bloom almost physical in its caress. With Bruce sitting in the darkness at her side she could hear her heart beating. His arm was touching hers, and for one desperate minute she believed she was going to bury her head against his shoulder. Such danger lingered in the silence; she tried to speak. No words would come to her. On the brink of a dreaming rhapsody she drove him to the station.

"He must guess," she told herself, "he must guess." The fact was he had a nobility and control greater than hers. That was it.

At the station she walked up and down the platform with him until the train came in.

"Thank you for a delightful evening," he said, and pressed her hand.

Pitifully, her eyes shining, she looked up into his face, then turned her head away. Throbbing in her was the realisation that if they had been alone just then she must have given herself away.

The drive back to the house was automatic. Part of her argued stubbornly: "You're being a fool, rotten and disloyal. How can poor Harry help his trouble? He wasn't like this when you married him. It's not his fault. You've got a mad infatuation and you've got to cure yourself."

Cure herself? How, while she went on seeing Bruce?

An emotional protest welled up in her. Why should she have to be denied everything? Harry's illness wasn't his fault, but it wasn't hers. Her one escape was the office, her one happiness Bruce. Why should she give them up? Suppose, years ago, she had been asked to marry an old man. The mere idea would have revolted her. Then why should she have to endure it now? Certainly the doctors had said that South Africa might put Harry right. But—

Her spirit bewildered and groping in a resentful fashion, she went to bed. Before midnight, before sleep had overtaken her groans came from Harry's room.

Startled, everything else forgotten in a flash, she jumped up and ran across the landing.

When she switched on the light she saw that his face was greenish-white and damp with sweat. His hands, twitching in agony, were plucking at the eiderdown.

"My dear!" she cried, "whatever's the matter?"

"I don't know," he moaned. "I feel ghastly."

SHE felt his forehead. "Poor old boy," she said softly, "don't worry. I'll get the doctor at once."

"You'll come back to me when you've phoned?" he begged.

"Of course." Her soothing hand stroked his cheek. "I won't be a minute."

Infinitely sorry for him, she went down to the phone. A warm compunction stirred in her. He looked so ill, so helpless, so dependent on her, he might have been a child. Poor Harry! Thank heaven that mood of hers at the station to-night was a buried secret.

She rang up Dr. Stacey and he promised to be along in ten minutes. Back with Harry, she kept her arm round him in pitying anxiety while he writhed and gasped.

Stacey arrived. He took one look at his patient, made a brief examination, and drew Muriel aside.

"Don't want to scare you," he said gravely, "but he's in a bad way. Some virulent form of food poisoning. Phone this number. They'll send along a nurse at once."

Frightened, she obeyed, and spent the rest of the night sitting on the edge of the bed in her own room, listening, wondering, and dreading. They would not let her go into Harry's room. Stacey was kind but firm.

"You can't do anything, Mrs. Brooking. We're doing all we can. While the crisis is on it's better for you not to be here."

Those long hours gave her time to think back, and her anguish had the nature of purifying fire. The occasional sounds in Harry's room were meaningless yet sinister. By dawn she was praying: "Only let him recover, and I swear I'll never think another word about Bruce!"

The sounds in Harry's room had stopped. The significant silence was impossible to bear. She got up and went across, and met Stacey at the bedroom door. He was smiling a trifle wearily.

"We've won," he whispered. "He's asleep now, peacefully asleep. He'll be weak for some while, but the danger itself is past."

Her lips moved in soundless gratitude.

Stacey took her by the arm. "The nurse will see to things. You look knocked up."

She smiled faintly. "I could do with a cup of tea. Could you? Yes, I'd like to make it. It will give me something to do."

He followed her down to the kitchen.

Please turn to Page 38

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—An event of great importance to Australia occurred recently at Glen Davis. This was

The commencement of a new miners' housing scheme — the establishment of a new Air Force training school—the opening of a factory for the manufacture of Bren guns—the production of commercial petrol.

2—Incidentally, Glen Davis is in

New South Wales — Victoria, near Bendigo — South-western Queensland—West Australia, near Kalgoorlie—South Australia.

3—No doubt you know that sago comes from some kind of plant, but you'll have to do better than that. It is, to be exact,

Seed from a kind of bush — pith from a kind of palm — a cereal crop — berry from a vine.

4—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," blithely sang the poet

Keats — Shelley — Wordsworth — Dryden — Tennyson.

5—The world to-day can show no finer work than that done by our Red Cross nurses. Their forerunner, of course, was Florence Nightingale, who began her great work during

The Napoleonic Wars — the Indian Mutiny — the Boer War — the Crimean War.

6—When seven persons perform a musical composition, this is called —oh, well, maybe sometimes it is called a frightful noise, but the technical name is a

Sextet — cantette — andante — sentette — septet.

7—John Cudahy certainly caused a stir with his recent remarks on the European food situation. At the time of making them he was

Leader of an anti-war party in South America — a member of the British consular staff in Portugal — United States Ambassador to Belgium — a correspondent on a Swiss newspaper.

8—What are you like at sorting out relationships? For instance, you and your first cousin's grandchild are

First cousins twice removed—second cousins — second cousins once removed — third cousins.

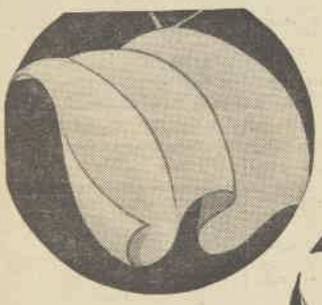
9—Bit tricky, wasn't it, but this one won't bother you—maybe. The cow, the sheep, and the goat all belong to the ungulate family, because they

Eat grass — form flocks and herds — have hoofs — chew their cud — lie down to sleep.

10—If you've read your Scandinavian mythology, you'll remember that it tells of a paradise to which the souls of warriors were transported after death. And its name?

Bjorling — Kiaora — Valhalla — Utopia — Thoraslind.

Answers on Page 38



LOVELY LINENS *turn YELLOW*

...unless you give them the last rinse in BLUE water

The last rinse in Reckitt's Blue on wash-days is the only way to stop white things from turning yellow. Remember! Linens cannot be really white without the last rinse in blue.

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest Wash!

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

RECKITTS (OVER SEA) LTD. (Pharmaceutical Dept.) SYDNEY

DANGER!

Disinfect with 'Dettol!'

Be always ready for accidents—with 'Dettol.' The tiniest scratch is an open door to germs which cause festering and blood poisoning. But 'Dettol' is a safe and powerful antiseptic which instantly kills all germs—cannot hurt the skin—and is non-poisonous. Keep it always handy and apply it to injuries at once.

'DETTOL'

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Regular chewing of WRIGLEY'S is Nature's way to bright, strong, healthy teeth—a sparkling smile. WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM removes all those small particles of food which lodge between the teeth, thus preventing decay.
It also aids digestion and after either food or smoking freshens the palate and cools the mouth.

Chewing WRIGLEY'S is a splendid exercise and helps you to restore sagging facial muscles and revives the natural contour of your face and chin. Buy some P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (lusciously sweet) to-day. And always keep a supply handy in your purse, pocket or home. Give some to the children, they love it.

WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM **SPEARMINT**

Three delicious flavours. An Australian product. On sale everywhere.

AU16

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Now on sale in Australia - This Famous English Polish.

Don't trust your nails to unknown polishes. Use L'Onglex, the famous English polish. It wears for days without chipping or fading, and its shades are always fashion-right!

L'Onglex CREME POLISH (11 shades) NAIL PROTECTOR CUTICLE REMOVER POLISH REMOVER 6D. per bottle

—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

Regular use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap keeps a man looking fit and fresh, no matter what his age.
Wright's acts like a tonic on the skin. Its luxurious antiseptic lather goes deep into the pores—flushes out impurities—destroys infection. Your skin always looks young and clear—free from spots and blemishes.
Wright's is the only soap to contain "Liquor Carbonis Detergens," the soothing skin medicament used and recommended by leading dermatologists. Protect your health and complexion through the years with Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

W2.69

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.***

Women also Serve

MRS. BESSIE JENKINS made this kiln in a day, for pottery which she will exhibit at the Melbourne Royal Show.

Will demonstrate craftwork suitable for war effort

WHEN the Royal Show is held in the Exhibition Building, Melbourne, this year, from September 25 to 28, the Women's Industries Section will have many wartime additions.

Among them will be demonstrations of arts and crafts arranged to show all the short cuts in making handicraft to sell for war charities.

Mrs. Bessie Jenkins, who is to demonstrate craft work every day and every night, is an expert.

For many years she has been showing C.W.A. members all over Victoria how to make everything from fleece-wool rugs to poker-work pochettes, and has recently published a craft handbook.

❖ ❖ ❖

Supervises sorting of rag and cloth scraps

"LIFE at the Red Cross Waste Product depot, 634 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, is perpetual motion," says Mrs. Thomas R. Lennox. Wife of a soldier and mother of another, Mrs. Lennox is responsible for sorting five tons of rags and cloth scraps at the depot each week.

As soon as the depot was opened a few weeks ago Mrs. Lennox offered her services, and was put in charge of the rags section, where 200 voluntary workers do sorting and examining.

The depot is a hive of industry all day, helpers first separating the different scrap materials, then wool from cotton, six-inch canvas from canvas cuttings and flannel from flannelette.

Altogether there are 14 different assortments of materials. All sorted material is examined by experts before being put into huge separate bales ready for inspection by the buyers. As a result of the first month's work, sales from the rags section yielded £234 for the Red Cross.

"We have now started collecting cardboard boxes which we hope to sell to florists," said Mrs. Lennox.

❖ ❖ ❖

They run organisation without office-bearers

REGISTERED as "12 hostesses," a group of women in Brisbane are busy with patriotic work, assisting the Comforts Fund and joint war funds.

There is no president, secretary, or treasurer.

All work as one committee.

Since their first meeting several months ago they have collected money, sold badges on the racecourses, and had numerous entertainments to raise funds.

The first Tuesday of the month is "party" day, two hostesses being responsible for the arrangements.

There is also a sewing bee of 40 girls in charge of one hostess at each meeting.

Mrs. G. Watson, Mrs. Maxted, Mrs. R. Towne, Mrs. H. Weller, and Mrs. R. McLeod are among this group of workers.

Debutante designs posters for patriotic drives

MISS MARY VERCO, a South Australian 1940 debutante, is using her artistic talent to help war efforts.

She designs posters for patriotic drives.

"Knit These at Home" is the caption on a poster she has designed for the Fighting Forces Comforts Fund. Socks, pullovers, mittens, balaclavas are all depicted in color around the figure of a woman sitting knitting. The fund's badge is in the background.

Miss Verco has also done a similar poster for the Red Cross with the caption, "You Can Help At Home."

At present she is busily working on posters for the Girl Guides' Thrift Campaign.

She is doing shop window cards with lists of things the Girl Guides are asking people to save for them. They include bones, bottles, corks, dripping, fat, nails, old silver, steel, and scrap iron.

❖ ❖ ❖

Undertake to complete various sewing jobs

THE Red Cross Rest Room at Caulfield Military Hospital, Melbourne, has many regular sewing circles.

Among them is a unique group of about 15 accomplished needlewomen, who undertake to tackle any odd job that may be needed. They deal with all the odds and ends that the other groups have not been able to finish.

Headed by Mrs. A. Boyd, of Caulfield, who has been attending these sewing meetings since the last war, and Mrs. D. Shingelton, who travels from Chelsea to Caulfield for every meeting, they wind bandages, sew tabs on socks, make swabs, binders, spine pads, curtains for a new ward, or anything else that is needed.

They have even upholstered chairs, and frequently undertake "mend while they wait" tasks for the patients.

There are only two modern machines at the Rest Room, and the sewing circle is anxious to secure additional machines to cope with the great amount of work they have to do.

Wearers of red coats are voluntary war workers

WITHIN a month of the formation of the Women's Red Coat Corps in Sydney, membership had reached nearly 1000.

Miss B. Ranken, adjutant of the corps, said that its object is to arrange voluntary help for patriotic movements.

Girls wearing the red coats with gold lettering and red forage caps soon will be seen selling tickets for the War Relief Art Union.

This task was the first allotted to the corps.

The corps plans to help evacuees and refugee children, or to make up the required roster list for any canteen, should the regular list be incomplete. Branches are to be established in the suburbs.

❖ ❖ ❖

Says soldiers in camp enjoy good music

SINGING to soldiers and arranging concerts for them keep Miss Mildred Bell, of Brisbane, very busy. Under the direction of the R.S.S.I.L.A., she visits various camps near Brisbane once a week.

Miss Bell sang to soldiers with a number of other young people in the last war.

"The men like good music," she said, "relieved with a little humor. They are particularly fond of instrumental trios."

She has a party of 17 artists who contribute a varied programme, including instrumental numbers, dances, songs, and comedy sketches.

❖ ❖ ❖

Is expert knitter of socks with seams

THE busy fingers of 77-year-old Mrs. Donald MacKenzie, of Seaton Park, South Australia, have recently been turning skeins of wool into socks for soldiers at the rate of a sock a day.

"As soon as I finish my housework about 2 in the afternoon I start knitting and continue almost without stopping until bedtime at half-past nine," said Mrs. MacKenzie.

Her socks are beautifully made. They have seamed backs and reinforced heels which guarantee longer wear.

When war was declared, Mrs. MacKenzie made a flying start and had four pairs of socks ready for despatch before depots had even been opened to receive socks for soldiers.

Stop INFLAMMATION and PAIN

Inflammation is shown by redness, swelling, heat and pain in the affected part. In such conditions Iodex is of exceptional value, as the iodine content penetrates deeply into the tissues, quickly dispelling inflammation, congestion and pain.

Swollen Glands, Sore Throat, Mumps. For the external First Aid treatment of these troubles, Iodex is of great service, and its prompt use may prevent serious complications, but — see your doctor promptly.

Boils. A recent letter says: — "I suffered from a number of nasty boils on my face and neck. Am pleased to say that after six or seven applications of Iodex I was rid of the boils entirely."

FREE! *Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.*

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- from all Chemists

STOP RHEUMATISM KIDNEY & BLADDER TROUBLES *this way*

Keep blood, nerves, joints, muscles free from acids, poisons, deposits; kidneys free from germs, and back, joint, limb, head pains, rheumatism, lethargy and weakness will go. To do this, take Harrison's Pills. London doctor's remedy, best, surest, safest for young or old, weak or robust. From all Chemists 2/-, 3/-, and 5/-. Money back if Pains don't go!

HARRISON'S PILLS *Remove the Cause!*

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Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound and ½ ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

Sour Stomach

★ End this distressing complaint quickly. COLOSEPTIC does so because it is a product of modern research designed for a double activity. COLOSEPTIC cleanses your colon of poisons and feeds essential minerals to the bloodstream. The digestive tract is strengthened, enabling it to digest food thoroughly. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

Drawn Blinds

Continued from Page 36

"WHAT on earth could have poisoned him like that? We all had the same food for dinner," Muriel said.

"What exactly did you have?"

She told him, and he nodded thoughtfully. "May have been the ptarmigan. I'd like to analyse the remains."

"I very much doubt," she said, "if they're available. There was nothing much left, and the maids usually put stuff of that sort straight in here." She indicated the kitchen boiler. "It burns anything."

"Pity if they have."

"But why should the ptarmigan affect him and not me?"

"My dear Mrs. Brooking, it's a tricky subject. The only definite thing I can say is, game doesn't suit everybody. It may be in a perfectly wholesome state when it's eaten, but owing to the condition of a man's health the actual result can be virulent poisoning."

"I hear cook moving about. I'll ask her."

It turned out as Muriel had surmised. The remains had been burnt in the stove.

"Well," said the doctor, "though it can't be proved, I'd put the trouble down to the ptarmigan. It will be interesting to know if your guest has had an attack during the night."

Muriel nodded. She had completely forgotten Bruce.

"He's not on the phone at his rooms," she said. "But later I can send a messenger round from the office to inquire."

Towards eight o'clock the nurse came down and said: "Your husband would like you to come up. He's feeling much better now."

She found Harry lying on his back, pale, weak, but comfortable. He smiled up at her.

"Hullo, m'dear. Sorry to have been such a nuisance."

"Darling, thank heaven you've turned the corner! I was frightened to death."

"Nonsense, little girl. A nasty turn, but I'm feeling fine now. Don't you worry about me. The nurse knows her job. You trot along to the office as usual. It'll take your mind off all this palaver."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"Now you're going to be a sensible, brave girl. Besides, we've got to find out whether Bruce has had a go of this. Doctor reckons it's food poisoning. Puts it down to the ptarmigan."

"I know."

"You trot along to the office," he repeated. "Bring back all the news this evening. Nothing like gossip to help a sick man forget his troubles."

"Very well," she said, and kissed him. "If you're sure you'll be all right——"

By four o'clock she was back from town. Straight up to Harry's room she went, where a fire flared cheerily in the grate. The nurse gave her a reassuring smile. "Please don't let him talk too much," she said, and went out.

"Well," said Harry, half raising his head, "I hope my little Mu hasn't been worrying. I'm doing splendidly. What news of Bruce?"

"He's been frightfully ill, too."

"Really! I say! This is a bad business." He was looking startled, and yet there was something else in his expression, something she could not understand.

"That man who sold us the ptarmigan ought to be prosecuted," she said, "but I suppose we can't actually prove anything. Bruce hadn't turned up when I got there, so I sent a messenger round to his rooms. The landlady explained that he'd been awfully ill all night, though he was gradually pulling round."

Harry blinked. "Oh!"

"He won't be properly fit, she thinks, for weeks."

"Oh," said Harry again.

Muriel paused awkwardly, went to the window, crossed to the fire, poked it, and stood fidgeting.

"Harry," she said in a low voice, "I've been thinking. Please, please don't imagine I'm mean, or anything like that. Only the fact is, it seems the right time to—make an arrangement."

"M'dear, what on earth are you driving at?"

Her toe described a pattern on the carpet. "It's difficult. I know you think a tremendous lot of Bruce. He's clever, and he works hard, and he's certainly done his best for us."

"Well?"

She moistened her lips. "I've had a feeling for a long time that he's been trying to get too much control of things. I suppose it's natural, in a way. He's young and ambitious, and he knows he's only got a woman to deal with. I'm not breathing a word against him personally. I——" Her voice faltered. "I think highly of him. It's simply that he's getting more and more to dominate the business, and I feel that isn't as it should be. After all, you built it up."

His forehead wrinkled in slow surprise. "Um. I see. What do you suggest?"

"It's an awkward, delicate matter. But now he's ill, it rather paves the way. I'm confident I could run things myself. In a year or two we could probably put by enough to live on in South Africa."

"You mean——?"

"YES. Your agreement with him is terminable on either side at three months' notice—or salary in lieu. In a way, I hate the idea, but——" Her throat worked. "Perhaps you could make a gesture. Why not send him a thoroughly friendly letter and soften the blow by enclosing a cheque for six months' salary?"

There was a long silence. She stood waiting there, not looking at him, until he coughed importantly.

"This is highly surprising, m'dear. At the same time it's understandable. Probably you're right. Anyway, your opinion is all that matters. We'll both be sorry to lose him, but in the circumstances——" His hand came over the eiderdown in a jerky movement. "Yes. I'll make it six months' salary. Only fair."

"I've kept you talking too long," she said, kissed him, and went out with a look that was both blind and yet peaceful, as if she had emerged from a serious illness.

Alone in the room, Harry screwed up an amazed, incredulous face.

"Beats me!" he muttered. "The last thing in the world—— Good lor'!" His head wagged with a kind of furtive awe. "And to think what might have happened if——"

Altogether it had been a staggering night and day. Yesterday evening he would have bet a million to one that Muriel and Bruce were in love with each other. For months he had been positive of it. That was why he had been driven to do what he had done.

An extraordinary coincidence that he, too, should have nearly passed out. Of course, the ptarmigan that had upset him might have affected Bruce as well. But that hadn't been the main cause of Bruce's collapse.

Painfully he got out of bed, opened the wardrobe, took out a small suitcase and unlocked it. His fingers unwrapped a wisp of paper to reveal a sprinkling of fawnish powder.

He stared at it, and shrugged his shoulders. It hadn't been quite successful, but it didn't matter now. Thomsett must have made a mistake about the dosage. Half a teaspoonful obviously wasn't enough—or maybe Bruce had an extra strong constitution.

He laughed shakily, remembering his prickling desperation when filching some of the stuff that lunchtime. Every second he had dreaded that Thomsett would spot what he was up to.

Oh, well, it didn't matter now.

Paper and powder he tossed into the fire.

When the nurse came in she found him sleeping serenely.

(Copyright)

The answer is—

1—The production of commercial petrol.
2—New South Wales.
3—Pith from a kind of palm.
4—Keats.
5—The Crimean War.
6—Septet.
7—United States Ambassador to Belgium.
8—First cousins twice removed.
9—Have hoofs.
10—Valhalla.

Questions on Page 36

TOOTAL

TRADE MARK

have sent you a wonderful range of crease-resisting fabrics

You'll get a real thrill, for instance, when you see this season's Lystav. Such beautiful prints — and exquisite plain shades. You know what a supremely adaptable fabric Lystav is. You can tailor it, drape it, pleat or gore it; it takes any style with equal success; it is crease-resisting and splendidly washable — simply wash as silk, and it will retain its crease-resisting powers: Tootal guaranteed. Width 35/36 inches.

See Lystav at your Stores today.

4/6 per yard

LYSTAV REGD

Other TOOTAL Crease-resisting fabrics

at your Stores are TOOLINA, a delightful open-weave rayon for cool summer frocks; ROMA, a semi-transparent cotton for dainty blouses, frocks and baby linen; TOOTAL LINEN for smart tailored frocks and suits; TOLSIL, a new rayon mixture. All named on selvedge — and all Tootal Guaranteed.

A TOOTAL Trade Mark Guaranteed fabric

If any difficulty in obtaining write to Box 2300 M. Sydney, or Box 1035 H. Melbourne.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED, MANCHESTER 1, ENGLAND

There's

NOTHING QUITE SO GOOD AS 'NUGGET'

BLACK, DARK TAN and THE *New* MILITARY TAN

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A holiday in a harem

American sisters stay with a Bedouin tribe

How two American girls lived in a Bedouin sheikh's harem is described by the twin sisters, Ruth and Helen Hoffman, in their new book, "Our Arabian Nights."

Earlier adventures of the twins were amusingly recorded in their first book, "We Married an Englishman."

ABOVE: Tea with the sheikh—one of the amusing drawings which illustrate "Our Arabian Nights."

THE twins made the acquaintance of Sheikh Fulan, head of one of the biggest Bedouin tribes in the Middle East, through "the Englishman," who is an engineer married to one of the twins.

The twins were his guests at the Bedouin summer camp near the Syrian border.

They lived in the harem quarters, which consisted of huge black tents.

The tents were divided into rooms by walls several feet thick of stacked clothing, carpets and bedding.

Tucked into the walls were small boxes containing the few possessions of the women in the harem. Each woman wears the key to her box tied to her veil.

The life of the harem seems to have been rather like a stay in a girls' boarding-school.

Its inmates were Fatima, Falka, and Laila—Sheikh Fulan's three wives—Maida, Sheikh Fulan's favorite daughter, Sabria, a married daughter of Sheikh Fulan, and Harbia, wife of Sheikh Tahir, son of Fulan.

The visit of the Hoffman twins was a big excitement in the uneventful lives of the harem women.

They arrived in the twins' tent each morning straight after breakfast, dressed in their best silks and brocades, and were always waiting for their guests when they arrived back at night after tours across the desert, or dinner parties with male hosts of the tribe, at which Bedouin women are not permitted to be present.

Fatima, Sheikh Fulan's favorite wife, pretty and frivolous, always laughing, made herself chief hostess.

Maida, intelligent, beautiful and regarded as eccentric because she preferred to live in her father's home to getting married, exchanged language lessons with them, and created two frocks for them—"of Schiaparelli elegance"—in a couple of hours on her sewing-machine.

The harem made a special effort to produce for their guests a Western breakfast — fresh bread and butter made by the harem women, peach jam, fried eggs, and a bowl of leban (like buttermilk) and tea — an inch of tea diluted with two inches of goat's milk. Maida sent a slave girl for special tea biscuits from Syria—pink icings and vanilla fillings.

When the harem were not entertaining their Western friends they joined the slaves and children spinning the raw wool which would be woven in long, narrow strips to be sewn together to make the huge tents. They worked rhythmically to the chants they were singing.

"Between songs the workers laughed and joked. Their voices made a pleasant sound in conjunction with the loud buzz of Maida's sewing-machine."

The three wives of Sheikh Fulan looked on.

". . . here were three women who had the same husband sitting calmly in a row.

"They were all devoted to Fulan. Their talk amongst themselves was indicative of their affections."

No one seemed at all sure how many wives Fulan had had.

There was much laughter in the harem when the twins inquired how many camels and sheep and how much money he had paid for each of his present wives.

Maida said he had paid only one donkey for her stepmother, Fatima, who shouted with laughter with the rest of the harem at Maida's joke.

Actually, Sheikh Fulan had paid nothing for any of his wives, as they were all his cousins in different branches of this huge family.

The outbreak of war cut short the twins' stay in the harem.

Though Sheikh Fulan is staunchly pro-British, "the English" urged his wife and sister-in-law to return to their home in Bagdad.

Sheikh Tahir drove them in his car over the first stretch of the long journey.

In the car also were two slaves, an armed guard, a white rabbit—a gift from the harem—and two young storks, a present from the sheikh to add to their considerable and eccentric menagerie in their Bagdad garden.

"Our Arabian Nights," by Ruth and Helen Hoffman (Angus and Robertson). *Our copy from the publishers.*

BEDOUIN SHEIKHS and their camels. They are typical of the tribe whose acquaintance Helen and Ruth Hoffman made.

YOUR BURNING PAINS SOON DRIVEN OUT

Don't put up with those Sciatica pains—like a red hot knife between your shoulder blades! Give yourself quick, glorious relief with St Jacob's Oil. The moment you apply St. Jacob's Oil you *feel* your skin begin to glow. You *feel* your sore muscles relaxing as the penetrating oil sinks deep down. Yes, you actually *feel* St. Jacob's Oil drawing the pain clean out. St. Jacob's Oil doesn't burn the skin. Keep a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil handy. Your chemist sells it.

Enjoy NEW LIFE ENERGY

within half-an-hour you can start a NEW LIFE with lighter heart, firmer step, clearer skin—and NO aches, Pains, Dullness, or Fatigue—just by taking one or two Cream of Yeast tablets. Recognised as most complete combination of Health-and-Pep re-creators ever offered in one pleasant tonic. All chemists, stores. 1/3, 2/, 3/6, 5/9.

PEP

Cream of Yeast

How Woman's hands grew lovelier while she slept!

"I thought it was hopeless to try and keep my hands nice with all the housework I have to do," says Mrs. E. Blackmore, of 211a Old Canterbury Road, Summer Hill. "Of course I'd tried a lot of different hand lotions, but they all felt too sticky or greasy, so I gave up using them. I didn't realise how soothing and nice a hand lotion could be until my chemist put me on to Pond's Hand Lotion. Pond's is so lovely and soft—not the least bit sticky, so I started to use it regularly after washing my hands, and before bed at night. And it wasn't very long before I noticed what a difference it was making to my hands too! Now Pond's keeps my hands beautifully soft and smooth in spite of all the housework I do."

Why your hands need daily protection.

Washing up, housework, being out in the sun and wind—every day these things are taking the natural beauty out of your hands. But you can keep them soft, white and smooth when you use Pond's Hand Lotion. Use Pond's every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's is a special skin softener—it will bring your hands new loveliness. It feels so soothing and delightful on your hands too. And remember, *Pond's is rich and concentrated. You actually need less of this creamy hand lotion!*

Do this every night for soft, white hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll notice the difference in your hands. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands, and last thing at night before bed.

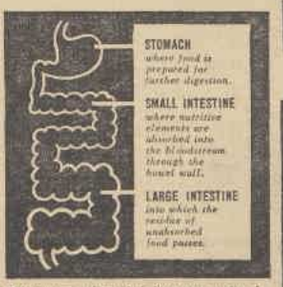
Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/0½ at all stores and chemists and 1/9½ for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much. (Prices including Sales Tax.)

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

CONSTIPATION STOPPED BY A FOOD!

BUT YOU'LL BE LESS SURPRISED AFTER THESE "QUIZ" QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR DAILY HABITS.

Is constipation becoming so chronic that you're now forced to take harsh purges nearly every day? Those harsh purges have been irritating the system into action—making your condition increasingly worse. The real cause of constipation is lack of "bulk" in everyday diet. That's why it takes a food to bring normal, natural regularity.



Did you know that this is how your system is kept regular? Any food not absorbed into the system passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not *bulky* enough, the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated. You urgently need more "bulk" in your diet.

Kellogg's All-Bran, a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal specially prepared to make up for lack of "bulk" in modern, over-refined meals. It gives the bowels the "bulk" they need and so brings about a normal, natural movement. Start breakfast with two tablespoonful, ready to eat with milk and sugar, and you'll be regular in a week.

ONE WEEK LATER

THIS IS REAL RELIEF – KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN ACTS NATURALLY – NOT LIKE HARSH PURGES.

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER RIGHT AWAY.

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Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it ½ pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone losing hearing or who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

Women in White

Continued from Page 9

HER blood pounded with the admission, but she swallowed her resentment, accepting in his blunt arraignment the prerogative of age and the privilege of friendship.

"So." He smiled grimly. "I was mistaken. You are not marrying. But you have committed professional suicide just the same. Yesterday I signed my recommendation to your application to some industrial service maintained by an insurance company, and last week it was for a clinic where you can do remarkable routine work in advising mothers to drink fruit juices——"

Margaret had heard of the famous Haussmann rages, but she had never before witnessed one. Now she watched his face flood purple, and veins ridge out along his brow and across the backs of his hands. "Fool!" he went on in a crescendo of rising anger. "You are capable of great things, and what do you do? You kick the hospital, black-list your whole career with organised medicine, and close every avenue where you might follow your work!"

She felt a glow of pride in his oblique recognition of her competence. "If I have anything to contribute," she defended without drama, "that contribution can be made in public clinics and industrial services."

"That is nonsense." He rose and paced the room. "So can you sit in a small village and be the world's greatest doctor, but can you function there to your fullest? No. Those are the backwaters of medicine, the stagnant pools. They suck and pull a great mind down. Some give up, others die fighting, but it is a losing battle, I tell you. A losing battle."

"Then you feel that I should have acted differently in the Bates incident?"

"Yes." He was sober and controlled again. "Yes, a thousand times yes. A scientist is an egoist, he must believe in his work to the exclusion of all else. A woman excludes half of her life when she enters science, so why could you not have been consistent? You should have hung on to your hospital work had they put a butcher over your head, knowing that some day your turn would come."

"And what of those who died under the butcher's hand?"

"Do not take death too seriously, my dear. There are thousands who die every day. Everyone must some day die. Death is our great common denominator, and sometimes in the great scheme of things it is a means that justifies the end."

"I'm sorry I couldn't look at it in those terms."

"Because you are a woman!" he shouted. "Because at the last moment the emotional woman came out in you, the humanitarian tripped up the scientist."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "And of course you were right." His voice dropped to an amazing gentleness. "I hope that in a similar situation I would have had the strength to act as you did—much as I rebel at the consequences."

He turned to his desk. "Come back to me any time that you think I can help you." He was dismissing her.

She lingered. "Thank you for what you've done for Philip Deane."

"I have done nothing. I am not sure that I can do anything. Tomorrow will tell the story."

"JUST head down the avenue," Catherine told her chauffeur. She leaned back against the cushions of her car. "Why didn't I give him the address?" she questioned herself. "And why didn't I buy the hat I picked out, or tell Johnny Martin I definitely would not go to the Brewers' party?" There were so many "whys," and no answer for any of them. The issue of even the smallest decision was like a weight upon her.

Thirty-fourth Street . . . Twenty-third Street . . . She wondered why she had made this appointment with Dr. Ferris. She could so easily have never seen the woman again, could so easily have let her condition on that day in the hospital remain sufficient explanation of an irrational impulse. She wished that she could think of some reason to postpone or break the engagement, but it was as difficult these days to come to a decision not to do a thing as to do it.

She tapped the glass. "Turn at Twelfth Street, Number 53."

A few moments later, she gave her name to a starchy, middle-aged woman who opened the door to her. The woman had a face like granite, but when she smiled kindness came into it.

"I'm expecting Dr. Ferris any moment. Please step in." She led the way towards a small waiting-room, and then, as if changing her mind, into a living-room that opened off beyond.

Catherine chose a Chippendale armchair and sank into its soft depths. How tired she was, with a fatigue that bit into the calves of her legs like the fangs of a poisonous snake.

She heard a step in the hallway. Margaret Ferris came in and sat down.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," she said. "I got tied up at the hospital."

"I've only been here a few moments myself. I've come to see you because I have an apology and an explanation to make." Catherine paused, disconcerted by the scrutiny of cool grey eyes, mysterious grey, hiding within them flecks of fire.

"I can't believe you to be the sort of person who goes in for apologies or explanations." Dr. Ferris finally spoke. "And I know that I'm not," she added, "and anyway there's nothing that needs to be explained."

"But there is . . ." Catherine faltered. It took an effort of will to face the steady gaze that seemed to be pulling down the protective wall she had so carefully erected. Desperately she clung to an outward semblance of calm, and dug her nails into her flesh, as if pain might prove some salutary anchor. But for all her frantic effort to maintain herself her knees went weak beneath her and small drops of moisture chilled her skin.

These signal warnings filled her with terror—she must get away before she became spectacular, for no one had ever seen her in one of these nervous spells. Only she didn't know how to escape.

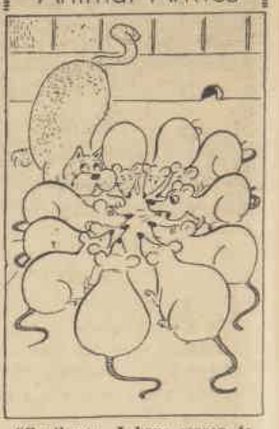
Dr. Ferris rose. "Don't speak to me! Don't touch me!" It was a prayer that welled to Catherine's lips and froze there in silent supplication. One single word of pity, one touch of a hand in sympathy, and she would be lost completely.

But Dr. Ferris wasn't even looking at her. "Would you be good enough to excuse me for a few moments?" She picked up her handbag and gloves. "I've several important telephone calls to put through."

Yet Catherine knew that she had understood. With that strange new hyperconsciousness that had become almost like an extra sense, she felt a sudden panic lest Margaret Ferris had gone into the other room to call Bill Kirkland. "Look here, this Merrill girl has had a breakdown in my apartment, come over and pick up the pieces."

Please turn to Page 42

Animal Antics



"Gentlemen, I have reason to suspect there is a spy in our midst!"

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Vitamins B1, B2, P.P. (THE ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

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B1

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Active bowels and healthy intestinal tract and steady nerves can be built up when baby is very young. Make sure that your child gets plenty of Vegemite with its Vitamin B1 content. Often fallen stomach, weakened intestines and many obscure nerve disorders come from an undersupply of Vitamin B1.

NUTRITION experts say that ordinary meals often fail to give enough of these vital vitamins B1, B2, P.P., the anti-pellagric factor. Add Vegemite to your daily menu and you can be sure of giving an *extra* supply of these vital vitamins. Vegemite is a delicious, highly concentrated extract of yeast. Doctors and scientists say the yeast plant gives a greater abundance of life and energy than anything else in Nature. Yeast is the richest known source of the combined vitamins B1, B2 and P.P., and Vegemite is a *concentrated extract of yeast.* Vegemite contains INTACT all the food elements of the yeast plant *in their highest degree of concentration.*

P.P.

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Those ugly pimples usually mean that the system is not getting enough of the Vitamin P.P., which doctors call the anti-pellagric factor. Keep your own skin and your children's clear and healthy by serving Vegemite daily. Vegemite gives your system a concentrated supply of the skin-clearing Vitamin P.P.

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NOTE: The dosages shown here are based on the results of clinical tests—and are the same as those prescribed by doctors.

NORMAL ADULTS:	One teaspoonful daily for good health and digestion.
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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

VIRGOANS are inclined to idealism. But they should "mind their step." Unhappiness can result from expecting too much of friends.

VIRGOANS (people born between August 24 and September 23) have all the characteristics that go to the development of interfering busybodies. And so they can be unless they are careful.

They are kindly, constructive, sympathetic, careful, critical, analytical and imbued with a keen desire to guide and direct the lives of other people. But although their ideas and intentions may be sound and noble they must learn that people don't want their lives ruled by others.

The tendency to adopt an "I told you so" attitude must also be overcome, unless, of course, they prefer unpopularity to popularity, hate to love, and unhappiness to joy.

Wise Virgoans will try to find suitable vocations, where their systematic, critical qualities can be turned to good account, and where they can fully and independently express their splendid mentalities. They dislike dirty work and soiled hands, and, consequently, should seek intellectual interests.

Whether in mental vocations or not they should always develop a hobby of that nature. Their brains are active brains and must be used constructively to avoid the danger of their turning into too-critical or destructive channels.

Many Virgoans find success in the newspaper or publishing world; in manufacturing, chemistry, nursing, or doctoring; as preachers or teachers or other advisers; as inspectors, instructors, critics, auditors, and in secretarial positions of all kinds.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Get important matters finalised or under way unless they can wait some weeks. This would be better. But if you must act now, choose September 17 (after 2 p.m.), 18, and 19.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Don't waste a moment of September 20 and 21. These are your last good days for a while. Plan ahead, but do not be rash or foolish.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Good days ahead. Content yourself with routine just now.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Don't waste the hours of September 15 and 16 (morning). They are not spectacularly helpful, but they are much better than those that come along during the next few weeks.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Just a week of days for most Leonians. Routine.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 22): Get busy and start or complete all the changes, promotions, benefits, favors and general gains you can. Be diligent on September 20 and 21.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Get your affairs in good order now. That will leave you free for action soon.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Quite fair for many Scorpions on September 15, 16, and 17 (morning). Caution is advised now, for over-confidence can bring trouble. September 20, 21, and 22 (early) good.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Continue on your guard this week, but your troublous time will soon end. Be especially cautious on September 15 and 16, and 17 (to noon).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Excellent chances for many Capricornians to progress and achieve additional happiness and gains or promotions during the coming week. Work diligently and wisely on September 20, 21, and 22 (to about 3 p.m.). Go after what you want then.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Better times just ahead; don't spoil things now by carelessness. This is especially so on September 20, 21, and 22.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): You can create difficulties for yourself just now unless you are careful. Your stars are waiting to trip you up, especially on September 15, 16, and 17 (morning). Routine best.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is a prisoner in the palace of Cockaigne with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. They have tried to rescue

PRINCESS NARDA: From a forced marriage with

AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES: Who is plotting to kill Mandrake and then help

PRINCE SEGRID: Narda's brother, regain the throne of Cockaigne.

Mandrake is brought before Avery, who tells him that Narda is to marry him within a week, and that Mandrake and Lothar are to stay in prison for the rest of their lives. Following this they are lodged in the prison.

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Women in White

Continued from Page 40

THAT was the thought that she couldn't get away from. It lived with her every hour of every day—the dread that she was slowly losing her mind. Would she ever emerge from this maze of fear, this fog of vacillation? She closed her eyes, drawing herself back from the ever-present brink of unreality.

It might have been minutes, hours later when she looked up to see Margaret Ferris standing beside her. "Celia's brought me a cup of hot tea in my surgery. I don't lunch until two as a rule. Won't you come in and have one with me?"

Hot tea. It sounded good. "Thank you, I'd like it," Catherine said.

"It's easier to talk in here, anyway," Margaret Ferris remarked as she squared herself before her desk.

"Suppose you let me begin the talking," she went on, easily. "There were a number of reasons why you wanted to come down to see me, and not one of them was to sit out there in the other room and manufacture idle conversation. That's true, isn't it?"

Catherine stiffened. She hadn't expected this kind of an approach. "Possibly," she admitted guardedly.

"I think you came to see me," Margaret continued, "chiefly because I'm a woman and a physician."

"Why should you think that?"

"Because you're frightened——" Catherine started to speak, but Margaret gestured her to silence. "No, let me finish, and then if I'm wrong tell me I am. Fear has come on you very suddenly since your accident. First you were afraid that you'd be scarred, you lived with the horror that people might turn their eyes from you in pity. Then other fears crept in. Insanity's one of them—you're afraid the break may come at any moment. A little while ago you wanted to run away lest you lose control of yourself in my presence—you feel that you're a neurotic failure. You've been playing with the idea that it might be better just to step out of it all."

Catherine's cup was clattering against the saucer. "How do you know these things? Is it so obvious?"

"Not obvious to anyone who hasn't gone through it."

"I don't understand. Surely you can't mean that you've experienced anything of this sort?"

"Of course. Hundreds of other people, too. Only they don't go around talking about it any more than you have."

Catherine could scarcely push the words past her closing throat. "What happened to them?" she brought out with difficulty. "Are they in sanatoriums?"

"Why should they be? They're walking around the streets, they're going to work, they're carrying on important jobs. Anyone who's worth his salt is a neurotic to a varying degree."

"But . . . suppose I——" She couldn't go on, she couldn't shape the words.

"Suppose you really do lose your mind," Margaret said for her. "You won't. People who are afraid of going insane never do."

"Oh, if I could only believe that."

"I don't usually say things just to make people feel better."

"And you haven't contempt for me?" Catherine shyly asked.

"On the contrary, I have an enormous respect for you."

"You wouldn't if you knew that —— Oh, I'm an idiot. I've burdened you enough with all my nonsense."

"Oh, no, tell me about it," Margaret invited with a friendly smile. "Tell me everything."

"All right, then, here goes—— I'm not only afraid of losing my mind, I'm afraid of everything. Everything, do you understand that? Everything! I, who never had a fear in the world. If I sniffle I'm in for pneumonia, if I have a pain in my stomach——"

Margaret laughed. Reluctantly Catherine joined in. "I told you I was an idiot."

"Then so are thousands of other women."

"Do you know, if I could believe that I really think that I'd be cured. That is," she amended with a shamefaced grin, "if I was sure I didn't have anything. Would you think I was an awful fool if I asked you to go over me?"

"Not at all. It's always wise to eliminate the physical." Casually Dr. Ferris drew the blood-pressure machine across the desk and wound the wrapping about Catherine's slim arm.

"Perfect," she said presently. "Let me listen to your heart."

"It's going like a trip hammer."

Dr. Ferris put the stethoscope aside. "Trip hammer or not, you're sound as a nut—or maybe I oughtn't to say that," she corrected herself gravely.

Catherine broke into a spontaneous sound that wasn't very far from a giggle. She marvelled. She'd thought, driving down the avenue a short while ago, that she had forever lost the art of laughter. "I wish I had come to you before," she said humbly.

"Haven't you ever had a thorough going over?"

"No. I've always been disgustingly healthy—until now."

"Why didn't you let Dr. Kirkland check up on you?" Margaret suggested quietly.

"I couldn't."

"The fact that you love him shouldn't have kept you back from it. You'd have saved yourself so much needless worry."

"I know," Catherine admitted. Strange, Dr. Ferris had said, so naturally, "the fact that you love him . . ." And she, Catherine, had not tried to deny it, or put up any defences. Margaret Ferris was honest, and in return she commanded honesty.

Catherine took a long breath. "I haven't been quite frank with you," she said. "You asked me, just now, whether I had ever had a thorough going over. I said no. Well, that isn't true. Five years ago, while I was still at school, I fell off my horse and was under a doctor's care for months. Anson Janeway."

"WHAT did he find wrong with you?"

"Nothing, apparently. When he dismissed me he said I was in perfect health. But he also said something else. He said that when the time came for me to think of marriage, I should have the advice and consultation of a good physician."

"I see nothing that should disturb you in that," said Margaret. "A thorough physical examination is the only intelligent approach to marriage."

"I realise that. But there was something in the way he spoke. It didn't mean anything to me then; in fact, I never thought of it again until lately. I suppose it's started a lot of conflict in me."

"Naturally. A woman wants to bring a vigorous mind and a sound body to the man she loves. I've already told you what I think of your mind. And your heart and lungs are perfect. What more do you want?"

"I want you to tell me, if you can, why Dr. Janeway said what he did."

"Janeway was probably a little ahead of his time. But it might be a lift to you if I set your fears completely at rest."

"I'm sure it will, because what he said keeps coming back to me. And there'd be no sense in going to anyone else. Why should I? I think you're a splendid doctor. And I mean that, from the bottom of my heart."

Margaret could feel a warm glow of genuine pleasure. "Thank you," she said. "I like your saying that. And I like the way you say it."

A knock sounded on the door. She stepped to open it. Cella announced in a discreet undertone, "Mrs. Dunnigan's here, and Mr. Bruce is waiting."

"Oh——" Margaret turned back to the room. "You'll find a little dressing alcove through that door, Miss Merrill. I'll be back in a moment."

She paused at the waiting-room to speak to Mrs. Dunnigan. "I'll be quite some time, Mrs. Dunnigan. Suppose you give the medicine another day's trial and let me see you to-morrow?"

Please turn to Page 43

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BOYS showed keen interest in the model exhibits.

'Radio reporters' stage a hobbies exhibition

Girls keen on knitting

Proud to be called "Radio Reporters," many young Australians have recently held an exhibition of hobbies, handicraft and literary work, in association with the Children's Newspaper of the Air.

IN the past five years this children's radio newspaper has done much to foster the interest of Australian youth in matters at home and abroad.

Its founder, Charles Cousens, chief announcer of 2GB, is now a member of the A.I.F., but the session is being carried on by John Dease at 6 p.m. from Monday to Friday each week.

The children associated with this session are enrolled as Radio Reporters and to qualify for this must submit an example of their work in some form of hobby, handicraft or literary work. So impressive was this work that an Annual Hobbies Exhibition was organised last year, and the second exhibition has just been held.

More than 1000 entries were received, and as this is the first wartime exhibition to be held by the Radio Reporters it is interesting to note how the war has already affected the hobbies of the young people.

Among the girls' interests, knitting occupies a growing place. Many of the exhibits were articles for the troops. In this section a special prize went to Daphne Fry for two knitted sets of comforts, one in khaki for the Army, and one in blue for the Air Force.

The wartime trend was also demonstrated by Adelle Fricker, who exhibited nearly fifty articles made from waste material.

Among the boys the war has stimulated interest in aeronautics particularly, and many of their exhibits comprise realistic models of all types of aircraft, as well as drawings, plans and designs for bombers, fighters and passenger craft. The detail in their work shows what an expert knowledge is possessed by boys of to-day, many of them hardly in their teens.

Five sections of the exhibition were decided by judges, while the remaining sections were decided by public vote. In the literature section, which was judged by Mr. T. S. Summerhayes, some really outstanding work was submitted.

Women in White

Continued from Page 42

MARGARET smiled pleasantly, and moved on to the living-room. "Hello, John . . ."

He unfolded himself from the corner of the sofa. "Hello. I hear we've got pups."

"Eleven of them."

"That's a help. How's for lunch?"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"I've a patient in the surgery."

"She must be pretty." He motioned to the sable stole that lay across the arm of the sofa.

"Oh. She is. It's Catherine Merrill."

"Say, I didn't know you had her for a patient. That's a break for you."

"Is it?" asked Margaret dryly. An idea came to her. "Hang around a bit, why don't you, and drive back with her?"

His lip thrust out. "What's the idea?"

"She's still a little shaky, it's her first long outing since the accident. I'd feel easier if you dropped her off at her door."

"Maybe I won't drop her. I hear she's a great girl."

"You bet she's a great girl. Oh, and listen. She doesn't like to be coddled. Be tactful about it."

"I'm in no mood for tact. I'm hungry. How long will she be in there with you?"

"Not long."

Nor was it long.

"Is that all?" Catherine asked, surprised.

"That's all."

"And . . . ?"

"And nothing." Margaret walked to the window and carefully straightened the shade. "It's hard to say what was in Janeway's thoughts. I can only repeat that you have a healthy body and a sound mind."

"You're not keeping anything back from me, are you?"

"Yes, you have a dreadful disease, you're dying by inches, and you'll end up in the State asylum." Margaret's voice sounded forced to her own ears. She hoped that Catherine would not detect the strained and none too brilliant humor with which she sought to simulate an unconcern. It had not been too easy, in that moment of significance following the examination, to mask a start of surprise and an involuntary denial.

She glanced at the girl. There was utter trust now in the smiling face. Her confidence established, Catherine's eyes were unhaunted by the shadow of suspicion. She said exultingly, "Do you believe in miracles?"

"Sometimes."

"I do. I'm cured. Not a fear in the world. Happy as a lark."

"If you have a little slump, don't be upset," Margaret warned her. "Rebuilding one's soul is a long, long job, you know."

"I know that. But if you see light, even for a moment, it helps."

Margaret led the way down the short hall to the living-room. She saw Catherine draw back instinctively at the sight of a stranger, pull down her little veil, and then take hold of herself. Margaret made the introductions hastily. "Mr. Bruce, Miss Merrill. Has Celia shown you the puppies yet, John?"

"No, I was waiting for you to show them to me."

"I've no time now. Go ahead without me. They're in the pantry."

He turned to Catherine. "Want to see some new puppies, Miss Merrill?"

Catherine said, "I'd love to." She was busy putting two and two together. "I never dreamed——" her eyes flashed to Margaret. "But it's grand. I like him."

Margaret left them together. She spent ten futile minutes with the voluble Mrs. Dunnigan, and returned to find them still in the pantry.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she demanded.

There was no answer.

"What's the matter?" Her eyes narrowed belligerently. "You don't think they're gorgeous?"

"Emphatically, we do not think they're gorgeous," John Bruce replied. "They're thoroughly unattractive little mongrels."

"You—you creature!" Margaret wheeled on Catherine. "You agree with him?"

"I agree with him," Catherine said in a small voice.

"You're fish, both of you. Does Celia know how you feel about them?"

John said, "Do you think I want to run after trouble?"

Celia entered at that moment, with a pan of warm milk and a chocolate marshmallow cracker.

Please turn to Page 44

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever, SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

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Unattractive, Fat and Lazy

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Quickly will a sufferer from constipation and sluggish liver lose attraction, fresh appearance and fitness. A food tract clogged with waste accumulations causes too many unpleasant symptoms to be tolerated for long. Pimply bad skin, unhealthy fat, flatulence, liver and bilious attacks, sick headaches are a few of the penalties.

A simple, gentle treatment for constipation can be obtained by taking Pinkettes. These little pills are most pleasant to use and unfailing in action. Pinkettes painlessly exercise and strengthen lazy bowels and stir the liver because they are compounded of harmless vegetable ingredients. A suitable dose for a few nights will clear away the waste matter, making a marked difference in your fitness and appearance. Get a 1/3 bottle of Pinkettes to-day and see for yourself how painlessly bowel regularity is restored and unhealthy fat banished.***

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In Cake or Powder form—you're sure to like the way this "polishing cleanser" works. Many women use both. They find the handy Bon Ami *Cake* convenient for cleaning windows and woodwork . . . they like Bon Ami *Powder* for keeping the bath and sink smooth and bright as new. Try Bon Ami. You, too, will like the quick, thorough job it does . . . and it's easy on your hands!

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FREE! Reckitts have just published an interesting little Booklet, *"A Little Bird Told Me."* It tells how easy and economical starching can be. You should have it. Write now for your copy to Reckitts (Over Sea) Limited, Dept. A, 145 Bourke St., Redfern, Sydney.

IT'S SO EASY WITH ROBIN STARCH

YOU CAN STOP THAT BACKACHE

But You Must First HELP YOUR KIDNEYS to Flush Out Acid Poisons

Recognise backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys.

Your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning also show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbour does—take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day.

"MY good crackers!" Margaret protested as Tommy gulped it down.

"Good for dogs," retorted Celia. "Well, what do you think of those puppies, Mr. John?"

"I think they're beautiful, Celia. Beautiful."

"So do I," said Catherine. "I wish I could have one of those crackers, too," she added wistfully. "I'm starved."

"Lady," said John Bruce, "that's elegant. Come on, and I'll lead you to the best dish of bouillabaisse you ever tasted."

Celia looked tragic. "But I've lunch all fixed and ready. There's plenty here for three!"

Margaret nudged her. "Let them go," she murmured.

She watched them from the window as John helped Catherine into the waiting car. They were both laughing. They would have a good time together.

Dr. Kirkland was late getting back to a surgery full of patients. He called Margaret Perris. "I'm afraid our party's off. I'll be too late for a theatre. Do you mind very much?"

"Not one bit. I'm not in the mood for it, anyway. We'll have dinner here, whenever you can get away."

It was after eight when he was finally free. He had no time to dress—a quick shave, a scrubbing-up, and that was all. But she wore something soft and long. He looked at her appraisingly. "D'you know this is the first time I've seen you in anything but tailored suits?"

"This?—It's a rag, ages old."

He smiled. She was so utterly feminine at this point. It was hard to believe that behind her lay a full day, as busy and as vital as his own.

"How are the puppies?" he asked.

"Sweet."

Her smile was perfunctory, her mind wasn't on the puppies. "Don't let this operation to-morrow get under your skin," he cautioned her. "Deane's lessened his own chances of recovery. You've done your best. You've got him — goodness only knows how you wangled it—the best surgeon money can buy. The rest is up to Fate."

"I believe in Fate."

"That's the woman in you."

"Must we go into that again?"

"All right. But you're bothered about something, aren't you?"

"Disturbed," she admitted.

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you after dinner." She moved to the table. "Celia's ready for us."

He seated himself opposite her. "Did you see Catherine Merrill to-day?"

"Yes."

"And . . .?"

"Let's discuss that later, too."

Women in White

Continued from Page 43

"Ordinarily, I'd murder a woman who did that to me."

"Sorry," she apologised. "But we wouldn't get two words in edgewise what with Celia showing off her cooking and you going into ecstasies over it."

She scarcely touched her food. "You make me feel like a gourmand," he complained.

"Oh, do go on. I love to see you eat."

"That a dead give-away."

"It's not the woman, it's the physician in me," she protested.

"The physician in you is only a little girl dressing up and playing doctor."

She drew back. Swiftly his hand went out to her. "That was rotten of me."

"Why? If it's what you really feel?" She rose. "Let's have our coffee by the window where it's cooler."

Celia for once cleared the table with dispatch, and then obliterated herself.

"Go ahead, Margaret, what's troubling you?" he urged her gently.

She took a long breath, as if she didn't know quite where, or how to begin. "Bill," she plunged in, "last night we had a long talk, you and I. You said, in effect, that if a woman couldn't make a home for a man, and bear him children, then that wasn't your idea of marriage."

He could see that it was not easy for her to go on. He wished he could find words to open the way for whatever was in her heart. But he was afraid of saying the wrong thing.

"Suppose," she continued haltingly, "that a woman could give you love and companionship and courage—everything but children—Oh, I'm not making myself clear," she broke off unhappily. "I'm trying to trick you into a statement, and it won't work."

HE kept his voice under careful control. "What you mean to say is that if a woman doesn't want children——"

"No, Bill, I don't mean that. The woman I'm talking about does want children. She can't have them. And loving her, as I know you love her, would it still mean so much to you?"

"It wouldn't mean a thing," he said in a low voice. "You ought to know that it wouldn't, Margaret. You don't have to trick me into saying it." He could feel the blood pounding in his head.

"Oh, you fool, you fool," he told her, unsteadily. "I love you, and I want you on any terms. Do you understand that? On any terms at all . . ."

She flung out her arms in protest. "Oh no, Bill, stop! You don't understand!" She began to laugh, a little hysterically. His face stiffened. "I'm sorry," she faltered. "I didn't mean to arouse your chivalry or your pity. You have so much of both within you, Bill. But, you see, I wasn't talking about myself. I was trying to tell you about Catherine Merrill."

He stared at her. "Catherine?"

"I shouldn't have spoken in riddles. Forgive me. There's nothing very much wrong with her. An anxiety neurosis — perfectly natural under the circumstances—and a subtle sense of conflict, only half-acknowledged, that she can't give you everything a woman ought to give the man she loves."

"You didn't tell her, then?"

"No. I thought it would be kinder—hurt less—if it came from you."

He rose and walked the room. "A shame," he muttered. "A lovely girl like that. You know——" he stopped short and looked at Margaret. "Maybe she's not so maternal after all," he ventured hopefully.

"Maybe she's not," Margaret conceded, thinking of the scene with the puppies that afternoon. "Maybe you're not, either," she added. "Maybe you only think you are."

"I'm not in love with her, if that's what you're driving at. Never was, and never could be."

"That will be hard for her to face," said Margaret slowly. "Even I thought you were. I was sure you were."

"Why should either of you have thought that?" he countered a little angrily. "No, and I didn't lead her on," he answered her unspoken accusation. "Catherine doesn't know what she wants at this stage. She's got to find herself. Forget Catherine for a moment." His voice grew stern. "I told you that it was you I loved. Doesn't that mean anything to you, anything at all?"

"It means a great deal. Because I love you, too. But I won't marry you. I'd be a failure as a wife, and a failure as a doctor."

He pulled her to her feet and caught her against him, with his lips hard against her own.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded harshly.

She turned a little pale. "We went into all that last night. No woman would ever ask a man to give up his profession—no man would ever do it."

"You idiot," he ground out angrily. "You'll marry me, and like it, do you hear? You can go on being a doctor, you can be a surgeon, too, for all I care. Now are you satisfied?"

"Oh, Bill. We're miles apart. It won't work out, can't you see that? I'd only rouse you to an abnormal sex antagonism that would end in bitterness for both of us. No, don't touch me, and please don't say any more to-night. Please. I'm terribly tired, and I've got to be up early in the morning."

He looked at her questioningly.

"I forgot to tell you that Dr. Haussmann telephoned just before you came to ask me if I'd care to watch him operate to-morrow. And, of course, I want to, very much."

He frowned. "Is that entirely wise? Bates will probably be there, too, you know."

"Bates' being there won't embarrass me. Why should it?"

He studied her. "I can't make you out," he told her sullenly. "I wish you were a fool."

She laughed. And then she bit her lips to keep the tears from choking up on her. "I wish I were," she told him passionately.

He caught her again and crushed her to him. "But you are, you are," he whispered. "Don't you realise that you are?"

Her senses swooned. They were back to where they started.

To be concluded

For a long time her hair had been going dull . . . mousy. Gradually its outstanding blonde beauty was fading. Then she started to wash her hair at home. And made this remarkable discovery . . . **that only Sta-blond can bring back that lovely 'lighter' colour to faded fair hair.** It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail—simply because it is made specially for blondes.

You, too, can give back to your hair that lost golden beauty—can recapture lost sparkle and charm—**and keep it**—for Sta-blond prevents fair hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous always.

No dyes or injurious bleaches in Sta-blond. Its precious Vitel' nourishes roots and prevents dandruff.

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Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. The gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for over 100 years—for children up to 14 years.

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And you will enjoy the smooth efficient service that brings more than a quarter million guests to the Victoria each year.

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"With my gums gradually shrinking I had difficulty keeping my plate in position with various denture powders. Most of them lasted only a few hours. Now I use FASTEETH and what a difference! I now wear my plate for 24 hours with absolute security and comfort. Fasteeth does not wash away or become thinned out, but *"stays put"* until I am ready to remove plate. FASTEETH is tasteless. Does not sour or cause foul breath. Holds false teeth all day long."

Accept only FASTEETH to enjoy false teeth comfort like you've never had before. Ask for FASTEETH at any good chemist (2 sizes).***

INDIGESTION

HEARTBREAKING SUFFERING ENDED

"This Remedy Fulfils all its Claims"

The above words were written by one who suffered *intensely* from inflamed stomach, acidity and heartbreaking indigestion.

He says:—*"De Witt's Antacid Powder gave me prompt relief, which has been sustained. To-day I am really well and, for the first time in years, I can eat anything. This remedy fulfils all its claims."*

(Name and address on application)

Why does De Witt's Antacid Powder give such splendid results? Simply because of a new-principle, triple-action formula that neutralises excess acid, protects the delicate stomach lining and digests part of your food. The very first dose does the job.

No more pain after meals, so eat what you like and enjoy *every* meal.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.

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Seeds to sow for

SUMMER GAIETY

SPRING is here and that means that summer is in sight, for one can scarcely say, in our tricky climate, when one ends and the other begins.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

TREES are blossoming, shrubs are abloom, particularly the azaleas, rhododendrons, flowering peaches, plums, cherries, apples, and quinces.

Every week sees freshly opening flowers in the beds and borders—while the bush is ablaze with native lovelies.

For weeks I have watched Mother Earth stirring uneasily in her sleep, and then with the few warm days, followed by heavy spring showers, she woke from her slumbers, rewarding all her friends with lots of blossom, color and fragrance.

And this year is likely to be a momentous one for the gardener. Shiploads of seeds, bulbs and new plants no longer arrive with any regularity, and nurserymen are experiencing the greatest difficulty in keeping up supplies of many of the popular varieties.

For that reason it is advisable for those who desire to make a gay summer show to get their supplies early, to sow them with more than ordinary care, and to sow thinly and not waste what they are lucky enough to buy.

Make pocket-money

DELPHINIUMS and zinnias are two lines that may be scarce, but these can be raised very easily in Australia, and people anxious to secure some good pocket-money next season should save all the seed possible.

Iceland poppies and phlox, dahlias and most of the daisy family are not likely to be scarce, for their seed is easily harvested and largely grown locally.

The varieties that cast their seed, such as pansies, violas, larkspurs, annual phlox, and dozens of others, may present some difficulty, but wherever the gardener can take precautions to catch the tricky seed, he or she will find it worth while.

While the soil is in good condition, and moisture is ample, gardeners should set out all the hardy annuals, biennials and perennials. And when you buy seedlings do not discard the little ones, for they are often hardier and strike much easier than the big, spindly ones, which have been allowed to grow too tall before being marketed.

My seedling beds are always covered over with hessian tents the full length while the seeds are germinating, and as the plants thrive and push their way up towards the sun I admit more and more air and sunshine each day.

In that way they are hardened off, and when finally lifted and transferred to their permanent homes they are tough and sturdy, and if adverse conditions come along they can "take it."

Don't plant too early

WERE it not for the fact that many amateur gardeners do not know how to buy, or what, most of the professional seedling-growers would go out of business.

How many gardeners have found in big city suburbs in the Commonwealth that they have had to buy five or six or even more dozen zinnias in order to get one dozen or even fewer to bloom successfully?

This is due to the fact that amateurs buy them too soon, before the westerlies have finished blowing, before the frosts have ceased nipping every succulent thing in the garden, and before the soil has warmed up sufficiently to receive the weaklings from the nurseries.

That's why I usually raise all my own seedlings—then I know that they have not been grown under glass or in frames without being hardened off.

Another reason why I prefer to grow my own is the fact that many of the most serious diseases have been introduced into my garden through the medium of nursery-grown stock.

While not suggesting for a moment that all nurserymen are careless enough to permit serious fungus diseases to become established in their ground, many of them do, and it is those people to whom I refer.

If the home gardener will sterilise the soil in his seed boxes and beds before sowing the seed, and obtain the seed from reputable sources, and not buy indiscriminately, very little trouble should result.

And now something about what to sow.

SPRING RHAPSODY—beauty and the peach blossom! When the flowering peach bursts into bloom as a rapturous prelude to spring it is also a warning that gardeners must bestir themselves and prepare for summertime gaiety in the garden.

The blue butterfly and belladonna type of delphiniums grow rapidly from seed, and the taller, darker and bigger-flowered sorts will also flower the same season if seed is sown now.

And let me suggest that when planting blue flowers you give them something of a contrasting color to keep them company.

Baby's Breath (Gypsophila elegans), the crimson geum, perennial phlox (any colors that will blend), Monarda Cambridge Scarlet, lychnis chalcedonica, white perennial phlox, eryngium (sea holly), annual chrysanthemums, achillea, and for the low border, masses of pinks.

All of those mentioned can be either sown from seed or planted out in seedling or propagated plant form now.

Grow more pinks

I PARTICULARLY want to make an appeal for the growing of more pinks. Mrs. Sinkins is one of the oldest, and Anne Boleyn, Her Majesty and Snowflake are good supporters of a family that has rapidly dropped out of favor in recent years.

Others that can be planted out now to make a glorious splash of color in beds during summer are Anchusa Bluebird, Viscaria Blue Pearl, the lovely double shasta daisy, and the peach-leaved bellflower, which is a member of the campanula family.

Godetias, clarkias, asters, linarias, summer sweet peas, snapdragons, amaranthus, ageratum, actinotus, balsams, cornflowers, sweet sultans, cannas, calliopsis, candytuft, dianthus, dahlias, gaillardias, didiscus (lavender lace flower), helenluma, lupins, evening scented stock and any of the marigold family can be sown from seed now.

They will make your garden bright, gay and showy if you study their various colors and do not sow them in clashing masses.

IT'S THE NEW
KIWI ARMY TAN
THAT MAKES MILITARY BOOTS
LOOK SO BRIGHT AND SMART

At all Stores and Canteens you can now buy Kiwi Army Tan—a polish that is easy to apply, waterproofs boots and gives a lasting shine. Its powerful dye penetrates deep into the pores of the leather, which means a little goes a long way.

THERE'S A KIWI POLISH GUARANTEED A-1 FOR EVERY SERVICE
ARMY TAN - - - - DARK TAN - - - - BLACK

Have You Seen the New CUTEX HIJINKS and GADABOUT?

In tune with the newest and brightest of feminine fashions are these new Cutex shades, a bright clear red and a bright red-pink. Other Cutex shades, Cameo, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, among others, remain great favourites.

All shades are made in a new polish that gives longer wear with no sign of chipping or peeling. Ask to see the entire range of smart Cutex shades.

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YOUTH *can be yours QUICKLY!*

Nature—and medicine—have a remedy for premature Old Age. Don't feel that life has ended for you—your days and nights need no longer be wrecked by lack of sparkle, vigour and vitality. The first glass of WINCARNIS—the "No Waiting Tonic"—will give the alertness of youth to your entire system. WINCARNIS is a rich, nourishing blend of the choicest wine and two kinds of vitamins essential to health. It does you good immediately—your brain, heart and nerves feel the benefit of the first glass. This is not just a vague claim, but a statement supported by over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. Start a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day. Your Chemist stocks it. Your health needs it. You will like it—WINCARNIS is the most pleasant way of regaining quickly the vigour and vitality of youth.

How much do YOU spend on Cosmetics?

Most girls and women spend far more on cosmetics than is necessary—as if fancy prices were an indication of quality. Tests have proved that Australian Rice Face Powder is equal to the best in fineness, perfume and range of shades—and its price is only 6d. (or giant size that lasts for over 3 months, 1/-). Why pay more? Thousands don't, as you can see any Friday at Woolworths or Coles. Australian Rice Face Powder obtainable from all stores, chemists, and toilet goods counters.***

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

RECIPES . . . *you should try*

THEY are all prize-winners in our weekly best recipe competition . . . a fascinating contest open to all readers of The Australian Women's Weekly. Simply enter your favorite recipe.

PRIZES are awarded every week for the most interesting recipes received. First prize of £1 goes to the best receipe received while every other prize recipe published is awarded a consolation prize of 2/6.

To enter, just write out a pet recipe—one you have tried and found to be popular—attach name and address and send in to this office. You might win a cash prize for that popular dish of yours.

CASSEROLE OF MARINADED CHOPS

Two pounds best stewing chops, ½ cup plum jam, ½ cup Worcestershire sauce, 2 dessertspoons flour.

Blend flour and sauce together, then add jam. Trim chops well and place in a casserole and cover with above mixture, allowing it to be absorbed for about two hours. Before putting in the oven add grated or finely cut onion, pinch of salt and only a small quantity of water (or stock) to make sufficient gravy. Cook slowly for 2 to 2½ hours.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. A. Barkla, Berkeley Vale, via Wyong, N.S.W.

AMERICAN DOUGHNUTS

Two eggs, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup milk, 1lb. flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon powdered cinnamon.

Gradually add sugar to beaten eggs, add melted butter and stir in the milk alternately with sifted flour, baking powder, nutmeg, salt and cinnamon, forming a soft dough. Knead until smooth on lightly floured board, roll to ¼in. thickness, and cut with floured doughnut or round cutter. Fry in hot fat, turning doughnuts as they rise to surface. Drain on paper and sprinkle with sifted sugar and powdered cinnamon, then serve hot with coffee.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. C. Morris, Austral Eden P.O., via Kempsey, N.S.W.

BANANA TOPPING CAKE

Cream 3 tablespoons butter and ¼ cup sugar, beat 1 egg till thick and light colored, add ½ cup milk and blend lightly with creamed mixture. Sift in 1½ cups self-raising flour and ¼ teaspoon salt; stir only enough to blend and pour mixture into a greased tin. Cover with cut-up bananas, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon plain flour, and ¼ teaspoon allspice, sifted together. Dot well with butter. Bake about ½ hour in a moderate oven. (Serve hot as dessert or cold as cake.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. G. Evans, 37 Harvey St., Prospect, S.A.

HAVE YOU A NEW RECIPE for a delicious sweet or an appetising meat dish? If so, enter it in our weekly best recipe competition and you may win a prize. Here you see Rita Johnson, MGM star, preparing her favorite dish—apple pie.

GINGER SHORTBREAD CREAMS

One cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 2 level tablespoons ground ginger, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then syrup, previously warmed. Sift in flour, ginger, carbonate soda and salt. Mix thoroughly. Put through biscuit forcer on a greased tray. Cook about 15 minutes in moderate oven. Join together with icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Matheson, Narraport, via Birchip, Vic.

SAVORY FRUIT SALAD

Two tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup boiled salad dressing, ½ cup cold water, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ cup whipped cream.

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes, then dissolve in boiling water; add sugar and lemon juice. Set aside to cool, then beat it until frothy and add stiffly beaten cream and salad dressing. Wet individual moulds, pour in mixture and chill. At serving time turn on lettuce leaves and garnish with large, whole strawberries or other fruit in season.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Teague, 87 Thackeray Rd., Reservoir N9, Melbourne.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

Two tablespoons butter, ½ cup peanut butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, one-third cup milk, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter and nut-butter, adding sugar gradually. Add beaten egg and milk alternately with flour, baking powder, salt, and cinnamon. Turn on to floured board, knead well, and roll out very thinly. Sprinkle with sugar and cut into any desired shapes. Bake in hot oven till light brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Mortimore, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

CHEESE SAVORIES

Cut some squares of bread about ½-inch thick, and remove crusts. Beat up an egg and add enough grated cheddar cheese to make a stiff paste. Add a little salt and mix well in.

Spread mixture thickly on the bread. Heat some fat in the pan (a deep one). When blue smoke rises, drop the squares of bread gently into the pan, and fry a golden brown. Lift out carefully and the savories are ready. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

Little Miss Precious Minutes

A FEW drops of vinegar in the water in which you boil fish will keep it firm and white.

* * *

IF you are doubtful about color running when washing a garment, soak the material for a time in cold water with a tablespoonful of vingar.

* * *

A LITTLE carbonate of soda added to the water in vases will make flowers last longer.

* * *

CLEAN mother-of-pearl articles with whiting and cold water. Never use soap, as it discolors them.

TO absorb moisture and purify the air of a damp room or cupboard put a tray of quicklime in it. Change the lime occasionally.

* * *

EGGS with very shiny shells are almost certain to be stale; rough, dull-looking shells are characteristic of eggs that are freshly laid.

* * *

WHEN posting a hat which has trimming likely to become crushed in transit, sew the hat to the bottom of the cardboard box with a couple of threads.

A *naturally* lovely complexion . . . yours to have . . . yours to keep . . . if you guard skin health with

Rexona Medicated Soap

Right through the years your complexion can stay clear and lovely—if you give it the correct care sun. Rexona Medicated Soap brings natural beauty the only possible way—through skin health. Its wonderful medications improve a dull skin, beautify a normal one and keep the bloom of loveliness in a really flawless complexion.

Rexona contains Cadyl to guard against blemishes

No other soap can give you such protection. For Rexona alone contains CADYL, a special compound of medications that keeps your complexion clear and healthy—and guards against pimples, blackheads and blotches. If slight skin faults have made their appearance, start using Rexona at once. Its specially medicated lather gently draws away impurities from the very depths of the pores—and tones up the tissues.

Special Rexona Skin Treatment

If skin defects do not clear up quickly, then use the *complete* Rexona treatment—soap and ointment together. This wonderful combination quickly soothes and heals the skin, leaving it clear and unmarked. **Treatment:** Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

More than a Beauty Soap . . . a *Complete Skin Treatment*

X.1.18. REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

FOLDS AND PACKS FROCKS FOR YOU

In a lightweight, neat-looking Globite Robe Case you can pack 12 frocks in about 3 minutes. There's no folding to do. They don't crease or crush. They need no pressing when taken out . . . they're fresh and ready to wear. Available at all good stores.

GLOBITE ROBE CASE

FORD SHERINGTON LTD., MANUFACTURERS (Wholesale only)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-178 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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Delicious ways with red, ripe STRAWBERRIES

● Don't let the present strawberry season go by without making full use of this fine-flavored fruit. It stands alone for preparing really luscious sweets, cakes, conserves, drinks . . . And when you want to serve a dish at a party with extra-special appeal for your guests, you can depend on strawberries to rise to the occasion every time and make the most tempting dish on the table.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

LEFT: STRAWBERRY MERINGUE — a delicious sweet that is suitable for dinners or for parties. It is made with egg - whites, sugar, whipped cream and strawberries. This dish makes a most attractive centre-piece for a table if arranged, as shown here, with pink blossom or some other flowers placed carelessly around.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE

One meringue case, 1 box strawberries, 1 jar cream, 3 tablespoons sugar, carmine.

Meringue Case: Whites 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 12ozs. castor sugar, carmine, strawberry or vanilla essence.

Sift sugar into large basin, add whites of eggs and mix together. Leave for 15 minutes to soften sugar.

Place basin over saucepan of warm water on a low heat, so water will slowly come to boiling point. (If water is too hot at first, the eggs set before sugar has dissolved, and the meringue will be sugary.) Beat with a whisk until sugar has dissolved, and meringue is stiff enough to retain its shape. Remove from water, add cream of tartar, essence and coloring.

Place two-thirds of meringue in a bag with a rose pipe in it. Have a piece of greaseproof or rice paper the size and shape for case on a reversed swiss-roll tin. Spread paper with one-third of meringue. Pipe a border round edge with rose pipe and decorate with small roses. Make separate meringues for decorating top of case on another piece of paper. Place in a very moderate oven (325deg. F.) and cook slowly until set without browning. When cool remove paper carefully; place on serving dish. Select best strawberries and put aside to decorate. Crush remainder and add to sweetened, colored, whipped cream. Fill case just before serving and decorate with strawberries and meringues. (If filled too soon the cream softens the meringue.)

STRAWBERRY WAFFLE CAKE

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 5 level tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder, add sugar. Rub in butter, add milk and beaten egg. Bake on hot waffle iron until brown and crisp. Spread lightly with butter and between two sections of waffles place a generous amount of slightly crushed and sugared strawberries. On top of waffle place whole strawberries on stiffly-beaten cream, or serve with—

Foaming Strawberry Sauce: Crush 1 cup strawberries. Beat 1 egg-white stiffly, add ¼ cup sugar, and beat to a meringue. Fold in crushed strawberries. Heap on top of waffles or pass in a jug for pouring over dessert.

STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOW

One cup crushed strawberries, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 16 marshmallows, ½ cup water, 1 cup cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla, dash of salt.

Mix together strawberries, sugar, and orange juice. Let stand 30 minutes. Cook marshmallows and place over hot water until marshmallows are melted. Fold strawberry mixture into marshmallow mixture; cool. Whip cream until slightly stiff; add vanilla and salt. Fold into strawberry mixture. Freeze in tray of refrigerator without stirring, or place in a mould and pack with chipped ice.

STRAWBERRY WHIRLIGIGS

Six ounces sweet shortcrust pastry, 1 cup sliced strawberries, 1 cup diced rhubarb, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 level tablespoons butter, whipped cream.

Place sugar and water on to boil, stirring until sugar dissolves, add strawberries and rhubarb and cook 10 minutes. Allow to cool. Roll out pastry thinly into an oblong shape, spread with rhubarb and strawberries. Roll up like a swiss roll, slice 1½ inches thick. Place in buttered tin, cut side up. Pour hot syrup into pan. Dot with butter. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F), 20 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

A HOT MEAL READY PREPARED

Through wind and rain
I cheerfully trot,
For this Rosella Meal
served hot.

Rosella Cooked Sausages and Vegetables—a nourishing winter dish ready-prepared to serve hot for lunch or tea. Everyone enjoys them — tasty pork sausages in a tempting blend of choice vegetables . . . Serve often.

Also **Rosella 14 Soups, all double strength.**

For a change,—
Curried Sausages & Vegetables . Pork & Beans

"Just look at Freda," said Snap, Crackle and Pop. "There she is sulking away in the corner because Mummy wouldn't let her go off to school till she'd eaten her breakfast. And THIS is what happens nearly every morning."

"Cheer up," said Snap, Crackle and Pop to Mummy Jones. "We'll soon fix Freda with this plateful of Kellogg's oven-popped rice. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles go Snap, Crackle and Pop when you pour on the milk." No sooner said than done. Freda's tears changed to smiles as soon as she heard all that cute "snap, crackle and popping" on her plate.

Now Freda sits down happily every morning to a big plateful of crunchy golden Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. And this fascinating Snap, Crackle and Pop breakfast is doing her the world of good! Remember, Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are overflowing with energising nourishment that every growing youngster needs. They're easily digested, too! Get a packet of these delicious Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day!

"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Australia) Proprietary Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

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WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME- - - -BY A DOCTOR

SKIN PROBLEMS OF YOUTH

PATIENT: Doctor, whatever shall I do about my skin? No matter what I do it gets worse and worse, and these spots have made me so unsightly that I'm ashamed to be seen.

Doctor: This skin problem is fairly common to adolescents.

One of the worst features of acne is that it affects young adults at an impressionable age, and its psychological effect may be more serious than is often realised.

Many young people suffer severely because of their disfigurement. The tendency is for them to be deeply ashamed of their appearance and so hesitate to appear in public.

Often the inferiority complex which they develop because of their appearance will continue long after the acne itself has cleared up.

The foolish superstitions which have arisen as to its cause only further aggravate the mental anguish of acne sufferers.

These superstitions are purely superstitions—they have no foundation in fact, and should be regarded as "old wives' tales."

Acne is not a sign of "bad blood breaking out," nor is it a condition that can be remedied merely by taking tonics to "clear the blood."

Acne is a disease of the fat glands in the skin. During adolescence growth is rapid and tends to be uneven.

The glands of the skin develop and frequently become over-active. They secrete more oil than the skin can use up, and so a greasy skin results and the excess oil forms plugs in the pores.

Usually these plugs of oil pick up enough dirt to show as black points on the skin—comedones—or, as they are commonly called, blackheads. These plugs of oil in the pores provide a good "home" for bacteria.

The body tries to rid itself of these infected obstructions by forming pus around them, and when the pustules break the blackheads are thrown off.

But the trouble is that if the pustules are deep or of long standing they will affect the surrounding tissues of the skin and scarring will result.

If scarring does not result the process will be repeated again and again in the same pore.

As a person grows older and the action of the sebaceous or fat glands returns to normal, the acne usually clears up. But, as the risk of scarring is very great, it is a pity if the early treatment of acne is neglected.

Unfortunately, the skin of the face is most usually affected. But it need not be confined to the face alone. Often it involves also the arms, the chest, and the shoulders.

Blackheads

A GREAT deal of damage can be caused by a too-enthusiastic squeezing of blackheads. This often leads to hardening and scarring of the skin and does more harm than good.

The correct way to remove blackheads is by a small instrument known as a comedone extractor.

There are various methods of treating acne. A special soap which aims not only at cleanliness but at removing the hard plugs of oil from the skin will be necessary.

The basis of all treatments is a prodigious amount of face washing. Using a piece of coarse flannel and a special soap obtainable from a chemist, and hot water, the face, shoulders and other affected parts must be washed every day for 10 to 30 minutes, depending on the extent of the trouble.

Only by this means will the excess plugged grease in the pores be removed, and the bacteria starved out.

Lotions just dabbed on the face do not remove the grease. Obviously, on an already over-greasy skin, the use of rich, oily face creams is better avoided. Leave these to those with dry skins and older women.

In severe cases, vaccines are sometimes used. Injections of gland extracts, also, have been of value, but this, of course, is a matter for your doctor.

THE BEST TREATMENT for skin problems of youth is thorough washing of the face several times a day. Dry with a clean coarse-textured towel so that the friction will aid blood circulation.

But in all cases acne calls for attention to the general standard of health. As with many other diseases, its effects are seen more often in persons of lowered resistance.

Fresh air, good food, plenty of sleep and proper exercise are all necessary for good health.

Plenty of outdoor exercise during the day followed by long hours of sleep in well-ventilated rooms at night will help to build up the resistance.

So, too, will a diet in which milk, wholemeal bread, and fresh fruit and vegetables play a more important part than soft drinks, confectionery, cakes, biscuits, white bread, pastry, and so forth.

Attention to the diet alone won't cure acne, but it will play an important part in its prevention.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Wisdom in punishment

THE question is often asked by a puzzled and distracted mother as to what is the best form of punishment for a naughty or a disobedient small child.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Readers interested may obtain a copy free if a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Mother, Don't Hesitate!
If your Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give this reliable liquid laxative.

Look at your child's tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that the little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing with 'Califig.'

When a child is fretful, cross, listless, pale, can't sleep, doesn't eat or won't play; or if feverish, with a disordered stomach and sour breath, or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, or the "stuffiness" of a cold, give a teaspoonful of 'Califig' and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste-matter, undigested food and sour bile gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, happy child again.

'Califig' sweetens the sour stomach, sharpens the appetite and strengthens digestion. It keeps the blood pure and free from fever. And, Mother, remember, nothing stops a child's growth and progress like constipation, so give a weekly dose of 'Califig.' Your child will thrive all the better for it. Don't give strong medicines: they weaken a child and leave the bowels worse constipated than before.

'Califig' is nature's own laxative. Composed purely of delicious ripe fruit and vegetable extracts it acts on the bowels like fruit and is therefore the safest, most natural laxative you can have. And how the little ones love the fruity flavour; see how their eyes will sparkle with eagerness when you bring out the bottle of delicious 'Califig.' Sold everywhere. Get it for your children today.

CALIFIG
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE

Amazing, New Shampoo Discovery Sweeps Aside Old-fashioned Methods

Thrills Nation with Beautifying Results

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing new type foam shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant glistening halo—

Try it soon—see how beautiful YOUR hair really can be. Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. *It isn't an oil! It isn't a soap—it isn't anything you've heard of before.*

Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops of Colinated "foam" Shampoo and instantly you get a glorious billowy bubbly foam, five times more than soap lather. So neutral that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly, and you're through.

"What," you say, "no special rinses, no vinegar, no lemon or after-rinses to 'cut' the lather?" No, they are NOT necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That's the marvellous part. Colinated foam Shampoo cannot leave unrinsable film on hair to cover up natural lustre, as ordinary soap washing or powder shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean.

Doctors recommend it because its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair.

Only half a teaspoonful for a perfect shampoo . . . the most economical and beautiful shampoo you have ever used.

Try Colinated "foam" Shampoo at once . . . It costs less per shampoo. And is obtainable at all chemists and stores.

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MAT SETS for luncheon use or for the sideboard, available on white or colored linen, or in crash and traced for working in exquisite flower design.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

FLOWER LUNCHEON SET

HERE is something new in dining-room linens—a luncheon mat set with matching linen mats for the sideboard, available in linen or crash.

You can obtain these mats from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen, or on crash in natural tone.

Sideboard set, comprising one centre, 18 by 18 inches, one oval centre, 12 by 18 inches, and two small mats, 9 by 9 inches, is 6/6 for linen, 5/6 for crash.

Nine-piece luncheon set, comprising one centre, 18 by 18 inches, four mats, 9 by 9 inches, and four small mats, 5 by 5 inches, is 6/9 for linen, 6/- for crash.

Thirteen-piece luncheon set, comprising one centre, 18 by 18 inches, six mats, 9 by 9 inches, and six mats, 5 x 5 inches, is 8/3 for linen, 7/6 for crash.

Serviettes, size 11 by 11 inches, are 1/- for linen, 9d for crash.

Bought separately, prices are:

Centre, 18 by 18, linen 2/9, crash 2/3.

Oval mat, 12 by 18 inches, linen 2/-, crash 1/9.

D'oyleys, 9 by 9 inches, linen 1/-, crash 9d.

Plate mats, 9 by 9 inches, linen 1/-, crash 9d.

Cup-and-saucer mats, 5 by 5 inches, linen 6d, crash 4d.

The original sets were worked in the following Anchor stranded cottons: F897 and F898 (orange, shading from light to bright), and F497 and F498 (green for leaves in light and medium tones).

The whole design should be worked in buttonhole and stem-stitch.

SOLDIER'S PULLOVER

INSTRUCTIONS for knitting this soldier's pullover may be obtained free by sending a request, together with a stamped, addressed envelope, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Endorse your envelope "Soldier's Pullover."

The pullover is designed to fit 36-inch chest, and is easy to knit in a simple but effective stitch in cosy 4-ply wool.

FOR YOUR LITTLE GIRL . . .

No. 34. This pretty frock is obtainable in winceyette or in linora to fit sizes 1 to 2 years and 2 to 4 years. Paper pattern is also available for making up the design in other material.

• Dainty frock in winceyette or linora, finished with Peter Pan collar and bird motifs.

YOUR little girl would look adorable in this pretty frock. It is an easy-to-launder style, too, as it buttons from neckline to hem. The tiny Peter Pan collar, puff sleeves, and the bird motifs add charm.

The frock is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced with pattern for cutting out and with the design for embroidery on winceyette in cream, pale blue, or pale pink, lemon or green, or on linora in cream, pale blue or pink.

Sizes and prices are:—

One to 2 years, 3/3; 2 to 4 years, 3/9.

Paper pattern for those who would like to make up the design in their own material is 1/-, plus 1/- extra for transfer.

Material required for making, 1¼ yards, 36 inches wide.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS: Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O., Brisbane: Box 469F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 481G, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

UNSURPASSED

ACTUAL SIZE

For the Care of the Hands • As a Powder Base • For use in the Nursery • For soothing and refreshing the Skin • For men before and after Shaving.

1/-

Economy Size Double Quantity 1/9

AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

The Lotion in the Round Bottle with the Orange Label.

HERCO CHEMICAL CO., SYDNEY

MOYGASHEL

S·P·R·I·N·G·B·A·K

Linens

Pastels for Summer Frocks
Clear Deep Shades for Suits

Smartest of all summer fabrics—and practical, too. Whatever the occasion...beach . . . tennis court . . . race meeting or cocktail party, Moygashel is always cool, chic and fresh.

For your summer dresses insist on Moygashel Springbak linens. Obtainable from all the leading stores.

21 LOVELY SHADES
CREASE-RESISTING
FADELESS

If unable to obtain Moygashel Springbak Linens at your store, write direct to Box 3323PP, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 2480V, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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Come and get it!

AGEE PYREX IS AVAILABLE IN

BLUE

DAFFODIL

GREEN

CLEAR

IT'S straight from the oven to the table . . . *cooked and served* in coloured Agee Pyrex-ware . . . piping hot, with all its delicious flavour and high food-value perfectly preserved!

See how the fascinating pastel shades of Pyrex make a tasty dish even more tempting! Imagine how smart your table will be with coloured Pyrex to match your linen and flowers! Think how you can save by cooking a complete meal in the oven—how you'll lighten your housework, with only one set of dishes to wash each time!

Agee Pyrex, remember, never grows old—never loses its charm, its palate-tempting attractiveness. It is the perfect gift for weddings and anniversaries—there are specially packed gift sets of 11, 5, and 4 pieces, in clear Pyrex or any of the smart pastel shades. Remember, too, that successful glass cooking depends as much on the glass as on the recipe, so be sure to ask for *Agee* Pyrex—Australian made for the modern Australian home.

MEAT PIE WITH PASTRY TOPPING

2 lbs. round or rump steak
2 dessertspoons clarified fat
2½ cups boiling water
1 teaspoon condiment sauce
3 large carrots, scraped and diced
12 small white onions, peeled
3 beef bouillon cubes (optional)
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ cup peas
½ cup diced celery

1. Cut meat into 1½in. cubes, and dredge with ½ cup flour to which salt and pepper have been added.
2. Brown quickly on both sides in large saucepan in hot fat.
3. Remove and place in buttered casserole.
4. Brown remaining flour.
5. Gradually add boiling water to which the beef-bouillon cubes have been added.
6. Stir till blended then add condiment sauce.
7. Pour over meat in casserole.
8. Cover and place in oven 350° to simmer 1 to 1½ hours.
9. Add carrots, onions, peas, and celery and simmer for another hour.
10. Cover with a rich pastry rolled ¼in. thick and cut in fancy shapes and bake 20 minutes with lid off casserole.
11. Serve straight from oven to table.

AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

CASSEROLES, ENTREES, PIE DISHES & PLATES, CAKE & TART PLATES, INDIVIDUAL & UTILITY DISHES

CLIP THIS COUPON FOR THE AGEE PYREX BOOKLET

Crown Crystal Glass Pty. Ltd.,
Waterloo, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me a copy of the illustrated Pyrex Booklet containing attractive recipes and details of the Agee Pyrex Range.

NAME _____

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Please mark envelope "Recipe Book."

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YOUR HOME . . . *and its background*

NEW colors in bricks, new building stones, new finishes—with these to choose from you can make your home fit harmoniously into its background . . .

ABOVE: This attractive bungalow, in brick with cement finish and mottled tiled roof, is suitable for the average suburban locality, and can be adapted to a narrow sloping site. The wrought-iron fence above the stone wall is distinctive.

RIGHT: Reminiscent of English farmhouse style is this two-storied cottage in light colored bricks, a design suitable to a semi-rural district. Notice the happy combination of the brick wall with its wide white gate and the tall poplars.

SEASIDE HOME of timber and brick built on a steeply-sloping site. This unusual design, with its high-timbered gable and sun decks, could be adapted with success to an irregular site in a suburban area.

COUNTRY COTTAGE carried out in cream-painted timber. Here simplicity of design merges charmingly into a thickly-wooded landscape.

. . . By . . .
OUR HOME DECORATOR

MANY outstanding homes owe their chief charm to an apparent lack of formality in which picturesque materials have been employed in a seemingly haphazard grouping.

There is nothing haphazard in the planning, however, because considerable forethought is required to achieve a concealment of purpose which endows that distinction and is the signature of the artist.

The charm comes from the fact that the structure fits in so perfectly with the surroundings, often because it is formed by the same materials as the hills and the trees of the countryside in which it stands.

This follows a precedent set in the earliest days of architecture when the material of the district was at hand and naturally dictated the local style of building. Transport facilities were not available, so that artisans were forced to use the materials on the spot and devise methods to serve the immediate purpose.

This factor is responsible for a great deal of the charm to be found in the English countryside. Houses in certain districts have roofs of slate, others have tiles, and others have thatch. Walls are built of local stone and so harmonise with the surroundings perfectly. On the other hand, timber and half-timber houses are the rule in timber districts, and so on.

In Australia, however, this charm is often lacking. Early colonists were apt to hold to their old beliefs and rely upon importations rather than native materials. Building stones were looked upon with considerable suspicion until someone more adventurous than the rest demonstrated the actual practicability.

Early settlers in Australia were prone to use galvanised iron instead of native materials. Only occasionally would a cottage be roofed artistically with stringy-bark shingles.

Now, contrary to the expectations of the early colonists, there are all manner of materials from which to choose. Good brick-making clays have been found. These provide an amazing variety of natural brick colors.

Building stones are also to be had in a wide range from the sunny-colored sandstones to the multi-colored and other hard stones which are rather expensive to work. Roofs have blossomed forth in multicolored tiles which bring a welcome relief after the monotonous red.

Plaster and stucco applications to brickwork have taken a new lease of life.

This style of finish has come into greater favor during recent years because of the practical surface and the adaptability to modern types of buildings. There is plenty of good building sand available, and the stucco opens up plenty of scope for texture in cement.

However, the best can never be extracted from any material in home construction unless it is remembered that Australia provides masses of verdure and blossom which give the finishing touches to any house.

Beautiful Princess -

H. H. Princess Priscilla Bibesco, granddaughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, has rich dark hair and brilliant dark eyes which accent the creamy fairness of her skin.

BOTH GUARD THEIR LOVELY COMPLEXIONS THIS FAMOUS WAY

QUESTION TO PRINCESS PRISCILLA:

You could choose any beauty preparations you wish, regardless of price. Why is it that you always have Pond's Cold Cream on your dressing table?

ANSWER:

"I've always found Pond's Cold Cream perfect for cleansing my skin. I use it every night, in the morning, and to remove make-up during the day. One application gets all the dirt out of the pores."

QUESTION TO PRINCESS PRISCILLA:

Princess Priscilla, you spend a lot of time out of doors in the sun and wind . . . how is it that your skin always looks so flawless and smooth for social engagements?

ANSWER:

"I've found that when I smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face as my powder base, my skin is at once made marvellously smooth and soft, with not a trace of roughness. Besides, Pond's Vanishing Cream holds powder on so long—with the perfect smoothness I like."

PRETTY SALESGIRL

Miss Marjorie Koderitsch is a salesgirl at a leading city store. She's unusually attractive . . . fair haired, with blue eyes and a lovely complexion. "I use Pond's Two Creams to keep my skin soft and smooth," she says.

QUESTION TO MISS KODERITSCH:

Miss Koderitsch, you haven't much time or money to spend on your complexion. How do you manage to keep it so flawless and radiant?

ANSWER:

"I don't need much time or money to take care of my skin, thanks to Pond's Cold Cream. I just use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning. It's such a marvellous cleanser, and it keeps my skin free from blemishes."

QUESTION TO MISS KODERITSCH:

You're keen on sport . . . you play a lot of tennis, surf and ride. Haven't you ever noticed that your skin gets roughened through spending so much time outdoors, Miss Koderitsch?

ANSWER:

"I don't worry about that any more, because I've found that Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothes away any little rough flakey bits. It makes my skin smooth again in a jiffy . . . and Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps my powder smoothly on for hours."

This is how they both use Pond's Two Creams for complexion loveliness.

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawless and radiant.

They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind. And here's a good tip! For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight, too, after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/8½d tubes, 1/9½d. jars, and generous 2/6½d jars containing approximately 2½ times as much. (Prices including Sales Tax).

FREE! *Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

RACHEL	☐	ROSE BRUNETTE	☐	SUNTAN	☐
LIGHT CREAM	☐	NATURAL	☐	LIGHT NATURAL	☐

POND'S DEPT. (× 3), Box 1131 J., G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

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